

# The Sketch

No. 715.—Vol. LV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1906.

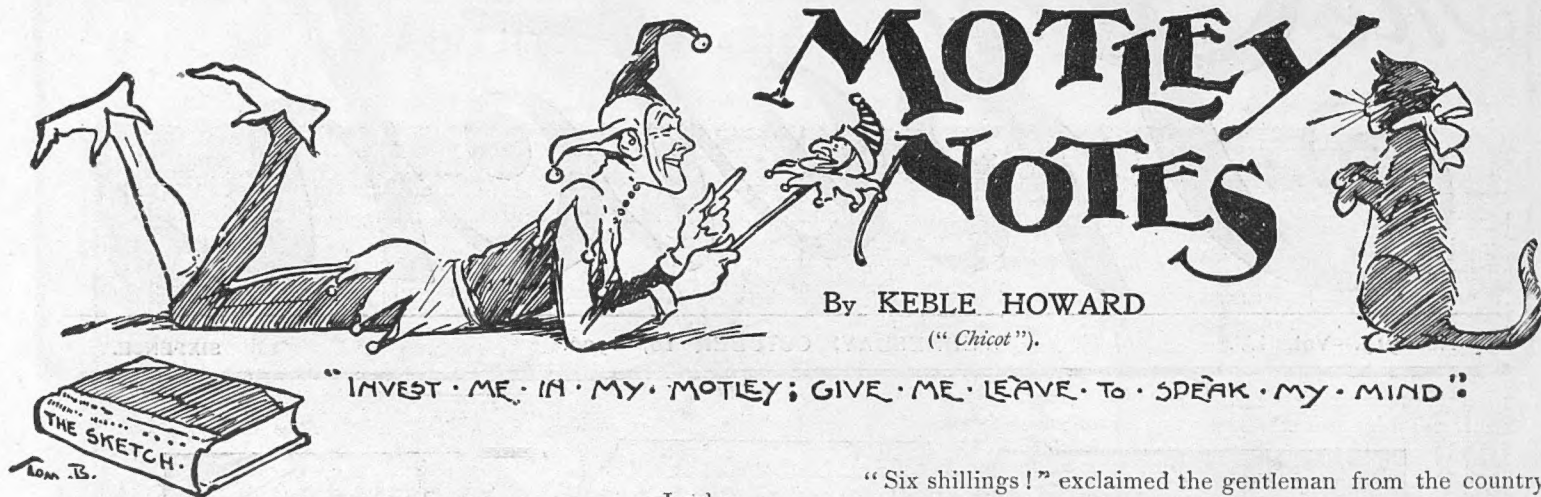
SIXPENCE.



FRAÜLEIN RETA WALTER, THE YOUNG GERMAN PRIMA DONNA WHO WAS SHOT DEAD LAST WEEK.

Fraulein Reta Walter, who was shot dead last week by her discarded sweetheart, was one of the most popular young opera-singers in Berlin, and on the night of her murder she was to have appeared at the Komische Opera as Carmen. She was only twenty-one, and was the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer who died a year or two ago. Her murderer shot himself after killing her.





London.

'Ssh!

At the moment of writing, there is a delightful lull in the affairs of this restless old world. Mr. Rolls has not succeeded in breaking his neck. A successor to Miss Edna May at the Vaudeville has been discovered. The clergy have returned to their respective parishes. We are beginning to regain confidence in tinned meat. There has been no terrific railway accident for at least a week. Mr. Winston Churchill is apparently on holiday. Germany has abandoned the intention of throwing every man jack of us into chains. The weather is mild, but not so warm as to warrant any prodigious fuss in the newspapers. Society folk are keeping their private lives to themselves for a few minutes. The gentlemen who murder ladies in lonely cottages or in tunnels have presumably gone to Ostend with the proceeds. In short, it would be a wise precaution, friend the reader, if we tapped wood. It may be, of course, that before these lines are in print something stupendous and world-shaking will have occurred. New York may have been swallowed up by an earthquake. But we need not peer into the troublesome future. Let us thank heaven for the day of calm, close our eyes, and sleep. It is possible to get along quite nicely, you see, without a daily sensation.

#### A Nice-Minded Reviewer.

Mark Twain's Autobiography is said to be so extremely candid that he dare not publish it. This is very tantalising, for almost everybody engaged in the book world and the newspaper world appreciates the humorous side of his profession. The few who don't realise it, of course, make the fun. For example, there has just been forwarded to me a cutting from a religious weekly paper that finds its way, I hope, into thousands and thousands of beautiful English homes. The cutting is a review of a novel by an author whose name it would ill become me to mention. The reviewer sets out, boldly enough, to give a synopsis of the plot. In the fourth line—no doubt somebody in the room was talking—he marries a lady already married to the man who, in reality, marries her sister. In the twelfth line, my industrious one marries the sister of the married lady to the already married man. This, however, would seem to be a bit of luck, for six lines lower down I find that the first lady, despite her original husband, is still the wife of the man who is now married to her sister. Does the reviewer here rest from his labours? Not a bit of it. The sister of the twice-married lady "pleads to be taken back." And the literary critic of this religious newspaper concludes his able review with the very proper remark, "We are not at all sure that we admire this book." What should the author do then, poor thing?

#### Overheard at a Bookstall.

But the humour of the "life literary" is not confined to publishers' offices, and newspaper offices, and Bohemian clubs. Do you ever haunt bookstalls, friend the reader? If not, you should. I have overheard and forgotten many delicious scraps of conversation at bookstalls. Here is a little incident that came under my notice so recently that I still remember it. The scene was the principal bookstall of a great London railway-station, and the persons of the play were one of the assistant clerks and a gentleman from the country who was trying to make up his mind to buy a novel.

"How much," he asked at length, "is that book?"

(I will not be petty. The book in question was Miss Marie Corelli's "Treasure of Heaven.")

"Six shillings," said the assistant clerk, in the tone of one who didn't care a rush whether the customer took it or left it.

"Six shillings!" exclaimed the gentleman from the country. "I thought new novels were sold at four-and-sixpence?"

"Well, you see," explained the kind assistant clerk, "we can't do 'em at that because the publishers have all combined to keep the prices up."

#### Earnest Counsel.

A young Edinburgh gentleman, who is promising enough to sign himself "A Provincial Admirer," asks me if I will kindly tell him the best way to become a successful author. It seems that he has written to several successful authors on the subject, and their replies have invariably been so vaguely worded that he was unable to make use of them. In despair, therefore, he writes to me, the inference being that, although a minnow myself, I may have been able to wring the secret of their success out of some of the whales. I may say at once that I have not, but it is so nice to be asked questions of any sort by people who hail from Edinburgh that I shall make shift to say something to my correspondent. I am pleased to inform him, then, that the golden rule of the literary worker is this: Never write in a collar. The same maxim applies to tailors, and any others who are compelled to bend down to their work. A collar stops the flow of blood to the brain. Remove your collar before taking up your pen, dear heart, and you will soon leave me and the other fish far, far behind. I shall now anticipate the humorists by admitting that I put on my collar before writing this paragraph. And the answer to that is: "Do you ever take it off?" Great fun.

#### What Does he Mean?

Apropos of my pretty remarks last week on the subject of masculine unselfishness, a correspondent, who signs himself, rather oddly, "A Bachelor or a Married Man," suggests that many a marriage is spoilt by "the wife's spinster friends." This statement, if I may say so, is as indefinite as my correspondent's signature. Does he wish to imply that the wife's "spinster friends" take advantage of the husband's absence to poison the wife's mind against him? Or am I to understand that the trouble is brought about by the fact that the husband makes the wife cross by flirting with the spinsters? It is all very confusing, and, collar or no collar, I must give it up. (Perhaps I ought to say, in order to avoid tumbling into a popular pitfall, that I must "give up it." Yet, after all, why shun such genial company?)

#### Cecil Rhodes's "Cape Times."

I hear that the *Chilian Times* printed a paragraph in a recent issue to this effect: "Owing to the earthquakes, the publication of our customary number on Saturday was, of course, entirely out of the question." Here we have a sad lack of enterprise. I know a man—as a matter of fact, he is a near relation of my own; probably it serves him, right—who edits the *Diamond Fields Advertiser*, the only daily paper in Kimberley. During the siege he was often hard put to it to fill his paper, but for the greater part of the time he succeeded. Histories of previous sieges, "lifted" from the encyclopædia, proved a great help. Then there was always a certain amount of local news. One day, though, he had a real stroke of luck. Going into the club, he found Mr. Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new *Cape Times*. The Editor gasped. "May I borrow that?" he asked excitedly. "Certainly," said Rhodes. The Editor rushed down to the office, and very soon had out a special edition of the *Tiser*. It sold like wildfire. A day or two later he met Mr. Rhodes. "Where's my *Cape Times*?" asked Rhodes. "It's all in little bits," laughed the Editor. "I had to cut it up for the compositors." "Don't do it again," said Rhodes mildly. "That paper came through by runners, and cost me two hundred pounds."



## MRS. CYRIL MAUDE IN "OLIVIA."



1. GIPSY (to OLIVIA): Here's a fine fortune. There's a dark gentleman that loves the ground you walk on—a rich young squire. He's thinking of you now.

2. VICAR: I've learned this evening that the merchant with whom I lodged all my money has stolen it and fled. I'm a ruined man.

SCENES FROM MISS WINIFRED EMERY'S PRODUCTION OF WILLS'S DRAMATISATION  
OF "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

Miss Winifred Emery began her tour in "Olivia" last week at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. Miss Emery, of course, plays Olivia, a part in which she was seen on a number of occasions when she was understudying Miss Ellen Terry at the Lyceum during the earlier days of the famous Irving management. Mr. Brandon Thomas is the Vicar; Mr. Eille Norwood, the Burchell; Mr. Franklin Dyall, the Squire Thornhill; Miss May Chevalier, the Sophia; and Miss Keith Lytton, the Mrs. Primrose.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Servian Pigs Worth Fighting For—Belgrade Sights—The Poor Tomb of Alexander and Draga—The Gorges of the Balkans—The New Sofia.*

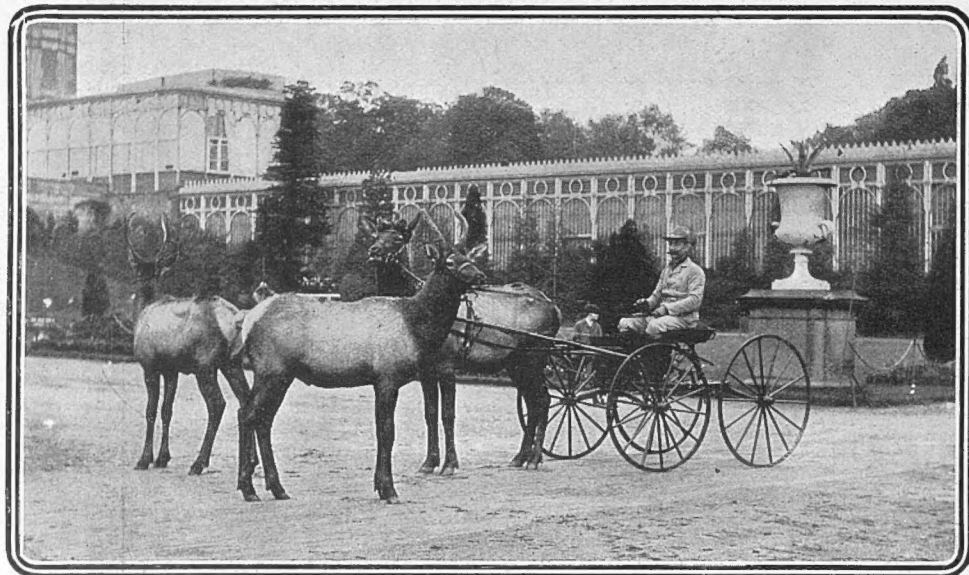
I PASSED through Servia and saw only one pig. This, I think, must be a record, for Servia is the country of pigs; she is prepared, if necessary, to fight for her pigs, and her present enmity against Austria arises from the fact that the Dual Monarchy will not find an outlet for her pigs. The pig I saw was a very little one, and it was under the arm of a picturesque Servian in

murdered King. Antony squandered an empire for the sake of Cleopatra, but the doting King of Servia threw away his life as well as his kingdom because he had eyes for nothing but the face of the woman he adored, no will except her will.

No express of all the *trains-de-luxe* that run south and east and west is so comfortable to travel in as the Orient Express, for it is not an express which is in an undue hurry during the latter part of its journey, and its lack of speed is more than atoned for by the smoothness with which it travels. One's soup does not jump out of the cup, and one can drink one's wine without the glass rattling like a castanet against one's teeth. The journey through the Balkans and beyond Nisch is done by daylight, and the gorge traversed is the finest I know, more wonderful even than the great gorge in Algeria which leads down to Bougie. There is just room for a river to go hurrying through the gorge, and a foothold for the railway has been hewn out of stony banks from which towers and walls of rock of mountainous height shoot straight up skywards. This was the gorge upon which Alexander of Battenberg was driving the Servians when Austria cried "Stop"; and in what plight a beaten army, with the victors at its heels, would cross the mountain paths or stream through this gorge can be conceived.

There is the strangeness of the new ousting the old in Sofia. The Bulgarians are desperately in earnest in their efforts to be independent and up to date. The Turkish town of brown-roofed huts has almost vanished, though there are nooks and corners of picturesqueness left—a street of silversmiths' shops, low-browed and with the upper windows barred with curiously hammered iron grilles; clusters of out-of-angle houses in little gardens surrounded by trees and hemmed in by grey wooden palisading, a mosque, and the baths the Turks built—and its place is being taken by a modern city of brick and plaster and formal ornament, which will have no especial characteristics except newness and a certain Austrian elegance. One can hardly expect rising nationalities to keep their capitals in artistic disrepair to gratify the tourist's sense of the picturesque, but if Belgrade and Sofia continue to rebuild and improve as they are now doing, in a year or two they will be just like any other two new, clean towns in the world.

Of course, the Balkans hum with politics. If Mesopotamia is a comforting word, Macedonia certainly is not. The batteries which have just rumbled past my windows spell politics, the new guns just



AN ELK IN HARNESS: AN ANIMAL-TRAINER'S CURIOUS TURN-OUT.

The elks shown in the photograph are the only members of their species who have been trained to perform.

*Photograph by Parks.*

embroidered jacket and coloured woollen hose-tops and sandals, the thongs of which were wrapped many times round his legs. He was walking down the middle of the main street of Belgrade, and the little pig under his arm was squealing at the top of its voice. I asked whether he was taking it to market, and was told that, on the contrary, he had been to the slaughter-houses beyond the walls, where great herds of swine are assembled, and was taking the sucking-pig home to roast whole and eat for dinner. No wonder the miserable piglet squealed its loudest.

The two vivid impressions I have carried away from Belgrade are of the Fruit Market and of the tomb of Alexander and Draga, the murdered King and Queen. Servia exports much fruit, and in the autumn dealers come to Belgrade and buy very large quantities. The market is an orgy of colour, the stalls being heaped high with masses of fruit and vegetables; and it would seem that the fruit all ripens at the same season, for apples, pears, grapes, peaches, plums, and a dozen other kinds of fruit are on the stalls all together. The peasants who throng the market are all in their national dresses, the women wearing a bright-coloured shawl or kerchief over their heads, aprons brightly embroidered with wool, and petticoats embroidered with lines of various colours.

The tomb of King Alexander and Queen Draga has pathos in its poverty. The unhappy pair lie in a little church in the suburbs—a mean little zinc-roofed building, which would be thought a poor chapel for an English village. It stands on a gentle hill, and its black-coated guardian comes from a cottage to open the doors. Inside, the church is as plain as a Greek church ever can be, and I looked round for the tomb, but could see nothing. The guardian directed my attention to a slab of marble against the wall farthest from the altar, and against this piece of marble are two crosses covered up by imitation palm-leaves. One cross bears the name of the King, the other that of the Queen, and their bodies lie under the floor close by. There are a score of ikons on the wall above the marble, placed there, no doubt, by some of the people to whom the royal couple were kind in their lifetime.

As I looked at the green leaves and the marble beneath them, I wondered whether any poet will hereafter glorify the royal lovers, for never a man lost more for the sake of the woman he loved than did this



THE ONLY PRIVATE MOTOR-RACING TRACK IN THE WORLD UNDER CONSTRUCTION:

CLEARING PART OF THE WOOD ON THE ESTATE OF MR. H. F. LOCKE-KING.

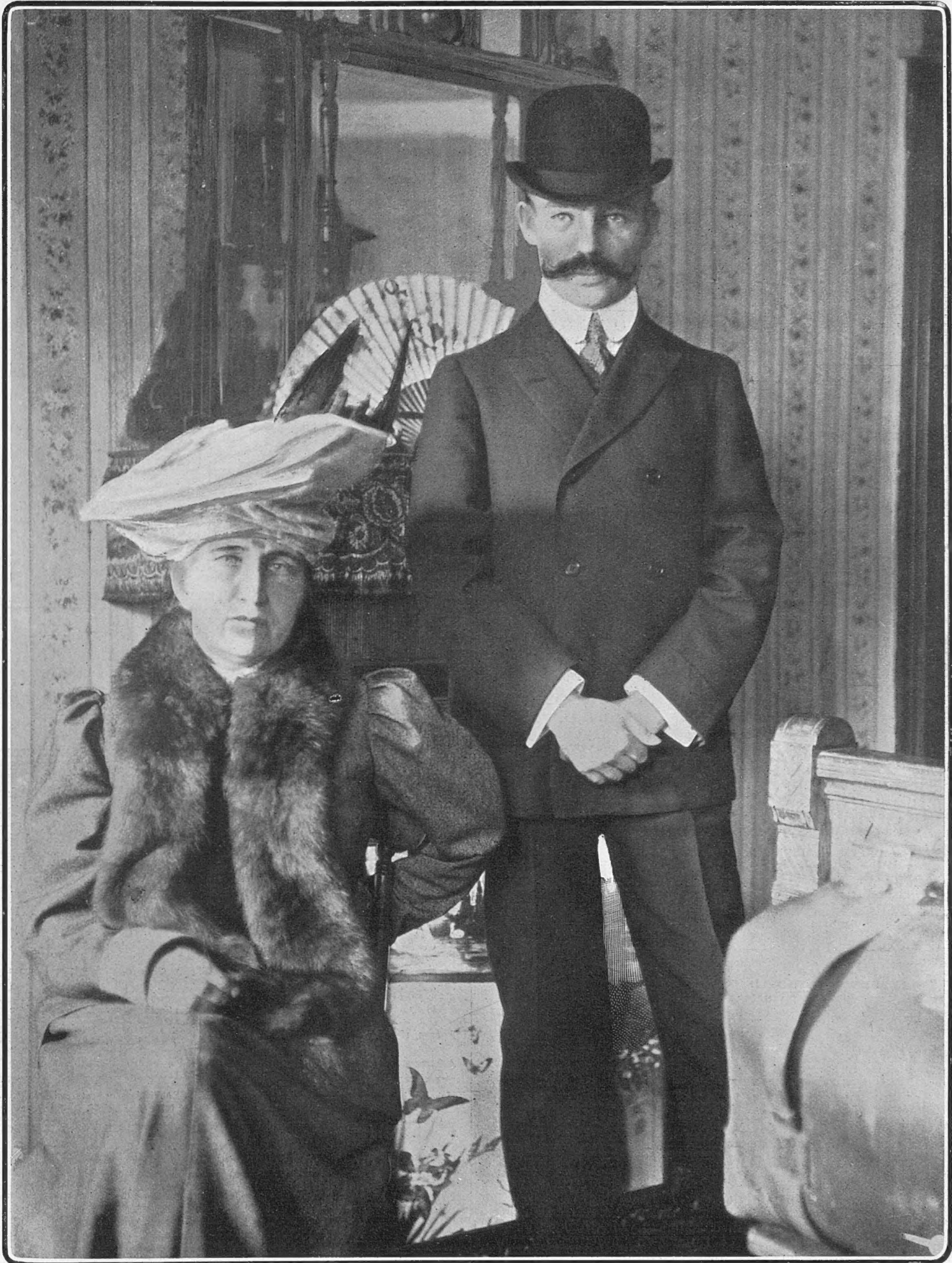
The track, which is to be circular, three miles long and 100 feet wide, is being built on Mr. Locke-King's estate at Weybridge, and will be used for speed trials and racing. The track will be level but for one slope; it will be laid in cement; and the banking will be such that racing can take place at a maximum speed of 90 miles an hour. A club is to be formed, and a club-house will be built. It is expected that the work will be finished by next March.

*Photograph by the Topical Press.*

delivered by the Creusot factories and stored in the artillery park spell politics, the great yellow military school just outside the town spells politics. There is a feeling of expectancy in the air, a waiting for something to happen. But as I am a simple clubman travelling for pleasure, and not an M.P. learning world-politics in a fortnight, I will not trouble you with the many "questions" which shadow the Balkans; but when the match is applied to the powder-magazine I shall be very glad that I have seen things with my own eyes.



TRACKED THROUGH THE WORLD BY RUSSIAN SPIES.



MME. OUCHAKOFF AND CAPTAIN GABRIEL ESSIPOFF, WHO ARE FLYING FROM  
GENERAL OUCHAKOFF'S VENGEANCE.

Some five months ago Mme. Ouchakoff, wife of General Alexander Ouchakoff, left St. Petersburg with Captain Gabriel Essipoff while her husband was on duty at Peterhof. The General swore vengeance, and is now chasing the eloping couple over the world. Mme. Ouchakoff and Captain Essipoff fled to New York, where they were refused permission to land; from New York they went to Havre; from Havre they came to London, which they left in a few days.

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*



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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King has paid, and is to pay quite a number of visits in the far North, and it may be said without impertinence that his Majesty is as happy in his rôle of guest as he is in every other rôle to which his high destiny has called him. Much etiquette necessarily surrounds a Sovereign's visit to the home of a subject, and that however illustrious that subject may be, but in all minor matters the King always consults the wishes, and even

the peculiarities, of his host and hostess, as a glance at the list of the various royal house-parties brought together during his Majesty's sojourn in a private house will show.

### *London Waking Up.*

There is every prospect of a good "little season" this autumn; already many well-known people, including several distinguished statesmen, are back in town, and the approaching visit of the King and Queen of Norway means the drawing together of the Court world in the capital. Collectors, critics, and connoisseurs gathered in force at the first of the autumn private views, that of the paintings, so brought together for the first time, of Mr. Holman Hunt. The G.O.M. of art now represents, almost alone, the far-famed pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and worthily does he uphold the flag.

### *The Youngest of Our Future Peers.*

The latest addition to future Peers is the baby boy of Lord and Lady Oxmantown, who was born last week, just a year after his parents' pretty, picturesque wedding at Clumber (Lady Oxmantown is a niece of the Duke of Newcastle). The important baby comes of really distinguished

stock, for his grandfather, the Earl of Rosse, was a son of the famous Lord Rosse whose telescope was one of the wonders of the early Victorian age. The head of the Parsons family has always given a good example to absentees. He is devoted to his Irish home, and Lord Oxmantown is in the Irish Guards.

### *The Queen Prevents a Railway Disaster.*

The supposed dangers of the Queen's recent journey to Scotland have been denied, but her Majesty has had not a few excitements of the kind. Less than three years ago she was in the deadliest peril from fire, which broke out in the room over which she was

proved a very bad railway accident at Wolferton. While out with her camera, she snapshotted a train which was passing over a bridge at the station. When developing the negative she noticed a suspicious curve in the bridge. Thinking that it must have been due to her careless handling of the camera, she photographed the bridge during the passage of another train. The result was the same. The King, to whom the photograph was shown, saw at once that the



SHARER OF HER HUSBAND'S TRIUMPH IN AMERICA: MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD (MRS. H. B. IRVING).

Mr. H. B. Irving and his wife, Miss Dorothea Baird, opened their tour in America the other day with Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," Mr. Irving playing Malatesta, the part originally acted by Mr. George Alexander, and Miss Dorothea Baird appearing as Francesca, the part created by Miss Evelyn Millard. Our illustration is a reproduction of the painting by Mr. R. G. Eves, whose portrait of "A Lady in Black" attracted a good deal of attention in this year's Salon.

From the Painting by Mr. R. G. Eves; Photograph by C. P. Small.

bridge was in an unsafe condition, and the defect was pointed out just in time to prevent a calamity.

*A New Honour.* The high esteem in which their Majesties hold the Paget family has been again exemplified by the bestowal of a knighthood on General Sir Arthur Paget, to whom the King further extended the very unusual honour of inviting him to Balmoral in order to receive it, where the quaint ceremony, a charming survival of the Middle Ages, accordingly took place. Sir Arthur Paget, as he will henceforth be known, is, of course, a brother of Lady Colebrooke—one of the six brothers of whom she is so proud—and the husband of the beautiful American whose recovery from a long and tedious illness has been hailed with so much satisfaction by Society. The Pagets have always been proverbially lucky, none more so than the present head of the family, young Lord Anglesey, whose succession to the title, till within a few days of the late Peer's death, seemed indeed remote.

### *Fifty Pounds for a Name.*

The latest missing-word prize is that offered by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada for a name for the new city which is about to be founded on the Pacific Coast as the terminus of the line. What is wanted is a simple, pleasant-sounding word, of not more than ten letters, which will, without any eccentricity, stick in the memory and indicate what and where the town is. The new city is intended to be the rival of Vancouver and San Francisco, and the starting-point of the steamship lines across the Pacific. £50 is offered as the prize for the missing word.



LADY OXMANTOWN, WHO HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO A SON AND HEIR.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

sleeping at Sandringham. But her Majesty, if she has reason to be thankful for perils from herself averted, merits thanks for peril averted from others. She was instrumental in preventing what might have





A BALLOON THAT LIVED UP TO ITS NAME: THE CAR OF THE "ELFE" ON THE ROOF OF A COTTAGE AT NEW HOLLAND, NEAR HULL.

The "Elfe," a competitor in the race for the Gordon Bennett Balloon Cup, descended on the top of a cottage in Summercroft Avenue, New Holland, the gas-bag falling on one side of the roof, the car containing the aeronauts on the other. The balloonists reached safely through a window of the house.

Photograph by Brunmitt.

ing, sought some way of demonstrating his gratitude. He had with him a very fine pedigree bulldog pup. This, he thought, would make a nice present. So he sent it to the Viceroy. A few days later he called, and made an inquiry as to his gift. "I myself am not in the habit of eating that species of dog," answered the Chinaman, "but I may say that my suite had it for breakfast, and accord it unqualified praise." Suppose they treat the new bride in the same way!

#### The Prisoner of the Vatican.

The impending translation of the remains of Leo XIII. to their final resting-place is occasioning a good deal of anxiety in Rome, where the scenes enacted at the funeral proper of Pius IX. can never be forgotten. Let into the wall over the door near the chapel of the choir in St. Peter's is a simple coffin of white marble. Here lies the Pope when he dies, what time his tomb and monument are prepared. Leo XIII. was a witness of the disorder which attended the removal of the remains of Pius IX. from the same humble coffin. As the processions moved slowly through the night, reciting pious prayers for the dead, anti-clerical mobs assailed and beat them, seized the coffin, and even sought to throw it into the Tiber. The Government was powerless, or, at any rate, made no effort until too late to check the disorder. The heart of Leo XIII. was deeply moved. So was that of the King, but he could not publicly say so. Queen Margherita was the go-between. As Queen she might not visit the Vatican, but as a private lady she did. She went often, and was an intimate friend of the Pope, and was able to comfort him for the outrages perpetrated by the mob in the name of patriotism.

#### A Hazardous Experiment.

The marriage of Miss Ella Clemmons, sister of Mrs. Howard Gould, to a Chinaman may well have set fashionable society in America by the ears. Uncle Sam knows John Chinaman better than we do, and though the San Francisco earthquake has sent up the Chinaman a hundred per cent. in the estimation of his American hosts, he is still a suspect. They tell queer stories about him which make the new bride's relatives fearful for her future. A wealthy friend of her family has recently been travelling in the Celestial Empire, and, meeting with great courtesy and consideration from a Viceroy of exceptional enlightenment and stand-

#### When Cuba was for Sale.

It is not generally known that Cuba very nearly became a French colony in the reign of Louis Philippe, for Spain being without other means of raising money, Queen Christina offered some of the principal Spanish colonies for sale. Secret negotiations were carried on at the Tuileries between Señor Campuzano, the Spanish Ambassador, Señor Aguado, the banker, the Prince de Talleyrand, and King Louis Philippe, and the first article of the treaty, by which Spain was to sell Cuba to France for thirty million francs, or £1,200,000, was quickly agreed to. But the second article, relating to Porto Rico and the Philippines, broke off the negotiations, for Spain asked £400,000, whereas France would offer only £280,000, King Louis Philippe asserting that the acquisition of the Philippines might very easily involve him in a war with England. It is significant that in those days neither



WINNER OF THE DERBY IN THE AIR: LIEUTENANT LAHN, OF THE UNITED STATES, STANDING UNDER "OLD GLORY."

Lieutenant Frank P. Lahn won the contest for the Gordon Bennett Balloon Cup, and becomes the first holder of the trophy. Lieutenant Lahn, who piloted the balloon "United States," landed at Fylinghall, near Scarborough, having covered rather over four hundred miles in a little over twenty-two hours.

Photograph by Halfstones, Ltd.

party paid the slightest attention to what the United States might think; but the Spaniards must now regret that they did not accept the million and a half or thereabouts, for it would have saved them many millions in the ensuing sixty years.

#### The Aeronaut as Society's Servant.

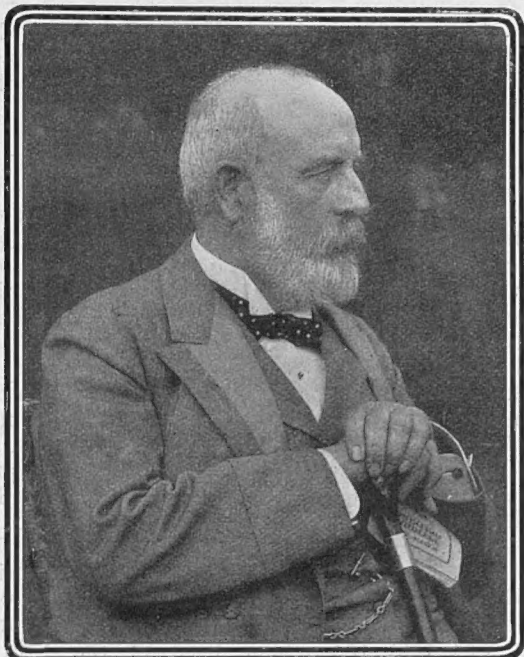
It is said that many a young man of birth, if not of fortune, has embarked, or is embarking, on the pleasant, and sometimes highly paid, career of chauffeur. By this time next year that same individual will probably be firmly established as an aeronaut. Already several smart Frenchwomen possess their own balloon and their own balloonist. So this, Society's latest fad, will doubtless open up new possibilities to those whom Mr. George Russell, the witty cousin of the Duke of Bedford, first entitled "the little brothers of the rich." The most beautiful of lady balloonists is, of course, Princess di Teano, who, in spite of her foreign name, is of partly English birth. She lately made a daring ascent with her friend, Mrs. Assheton Harbord, from the French Aero Club. The same two ladies recently made a journey through the air in Mr. Frank H. Butler's balloon, the happily named "Dolce Far Niente." On that occasion they started from unromantic Wandsworth, and they descended near Bedford. Mrs. Assheton Harbord is the wife of Lord Suffield's younger son, and she has become a tremendously keen aeronaut, her special delight being what balloon devotees have named Balloon Hare and Hounds.



MANICURING A BABY BEAR: MISS GEORGIA DIX CUTTING THE NAILS OF FIFI AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.





THE LORD MAYOR ELECT OF LONDON:  
SIR WILLIAM P. TRELOAR.

Photograph by W. J. Wright.

*The "Boots" of  
Other Days.*

A dozen years ago Sir William Treloar was the "boots," or junior Alderman, of the City Council, and, dreaming his dream of the days which might be, said to a member of *The Sketch* staff, "I'll invite you to dinner when I'm Lord Mayor." He is now to have an opportunity of issuing that invitation, for it is he who will ride in the famous coach next month, while the City bells ring him felicitations. Everybody knows his place of business on Ludgate Hill. He was born on the Hill, and has written its history, and what he and Lady Treloar do not know about City life is not knowledge. We owe to him the open Guildhall Gallery on Sundays. When he was fighting for it, one man argued, "Nobody goes to the City on Sunday"; another opponent urged that it was "sinful to bring a rabble to the City on the Sabbath." He is as full of good stories as of philanthropic zeal. Perhaps it is not generally known that it was under the watchful eye of Sir William that the German Emperor made his tour in the Holy Land. The new Lord Mayor is a director and trustee of Thomas Cook and Son, and was one of the party by whom Kaiser Wilhelm was personally conducted to consecrated ground.

*The Krupp  
Weddings.*

Quite an international affair are the marriages of the Fräulein Bertha and Barbara Krupp. It is a matter appealing to Sovereign and serf, to the man who pays income-tax and the man who does not. At the present moment 25,000 monster guns which have all come from the great works at Essen of which the elder girl is queen, dictator, and sole disposer are distributed among thirty-four States. That old city of Essen is hers and all that therein is. She commands an industrial army of 100,000 people, with a plant including some six-score huge steam hammers, which keep at their ear-shattering thunder twenty-four hours a day throughout the week; 1500 ovens whose fires are never extinguished, and 3500 machines of all sorts driven by steam. It requires 2500 tons of coal each day to keep the Essen works going. And over all the girl-bride presides. She inherited her fifteen millions when she was only a schoolgirl, and found the whole world crying to her for guns and steel rails and every product in which steel appears. There were other people crying too; the inevitable beggars and sycophants were early on her trail. But there is a little-known



THE WIFE OF THE LORD MAYOR ELECT  
OF LONDON: LADY TRELOAR.

Photograph by W. J. Wright.



MOTHER OF THE CANNON QUEEN: FRAU KRUPP,  
WHOSE ELDEST DAUGHTER, FRÄULEIN BERTHA KRUPP,  
WILL BE MARRIED NEXT SUNDAY (14TH).

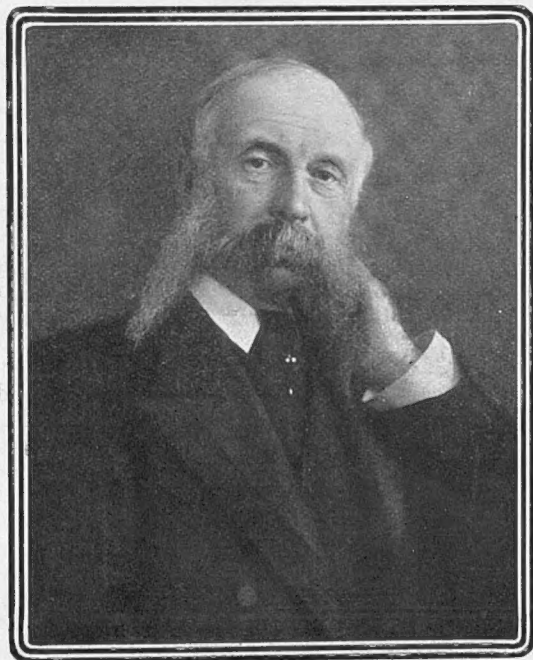
Fräulein Bertha Krupp, owner of the great gun-works at Essen, is to be married on October 14 at the Villa Huegel, near Essen. The wedding will be private, but the Kaiser will attend it.

Photograph supplied by Ullstein and Co.

high degree, and which he had good reason to believe was the cause of disease both to the workers and to those who purchased the result of their work. The letters which formulated these attacks were signed "C. B.," and public opinion soon fixed on the famous specialist as the writer. His latest pronouncement, delivered last week, was that which very happily described man as "a motor-car, self-made and self-started . . . moved by a series of explosions and redistributions of energy."

*Lady Dorothy  
Nevill.*

Lovers of good gossip, and surely they are legion, will delight in the Reminiscences of that most wonderful of twentieth-century dowagers, Lady Dorothy Nevill. It has been well said of her that though she would describe her favourite hobbies as gardening, botany, and the fine arts, her real interest in life is entertaining her friends. Not so long ago the King, as Prince of Wales, was present at one of the Sunday lunches at the house in Charles Street where she has kept her court so long; and as the years slip by Lady Dorothy's friends and admirers find her always the same, looking no older, and showing the same keen interest in all contemporary matters,



ANOTHER "C.B.":  
SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE.

Photograph by Whitlock.

yet highly potent personality at Essen in Frau Krupp, the mother of these young millionairesses. Her word is still law with her girls, and her counsel is all for good.

*Another "C.B."*

Sir James Crichton-Browne is essentially the man of the moment, for he has just been presiding over the International Sanitary Congress. He is a brain specialist, a son of a noted Commissioner for Lunacy for Scotland, and himself has the distinction of being the Lord Chancellor's Visitor in Lunacy. Sir James has been described as an "extreme faddist," but that has been because, like most great medical specialists, he is alarmed at the great increase of nerve-wear in modern life. He is all in favour of healthy recreation, and has gone so far as to say that nervous folk are saved from themselves by newspaper reading and by light literature generally! Some years ago he became famous in a very different direction—namely, by a series of pungent attacks on an industry which was being run by a group of kind-hearted dames of



AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF LORD BEACONSFIELD:  
LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.





MISS RHONA ADAIR AND CAPTAIN CUTHELL, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS FIXED FOR THE 17TH.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell.

as is meet in one who was born a Walpole. As most people are aware, Lady Dorothy was an intimate friend of Disraeli, and some of the delightful letters written by him to her were published in the exclusive pages of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. But though Lord Beaconsfield stands out, as it were, and occupies a special niche in Lady Dorothy's heart, her mind is a storehouse of memories of famous people, and her book has accordingly been awaited with almost breathless interest, both by her contemporaries and by the younger people who can claim the privilege of her friendship.

#### The Wedding of a Lady Golf Champion.

Golfers all the world over are taking much interest in the forthcoming marriage of Miss Rhona Adair and Captain Cuthell, which is now to take place on the 17th instead of to-day (10th), as was originally arranged. Miss Adair is the lady golf champion of Ireland, and the bridegroom is also, as in duty bound, a devotee of the "Royal and Ancient Game." Golf lends itself to some pretty conceits in the way of quaint wedding accessories, and in these days there is such a return to symbolism and symbolic emblems that Miss Adair's championship is sure to be emphasised on her marriage day.

#### Weddings and Engagements.

The wedding of the week has, of course, been that of the pretty daughter of Lord Crewe, Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes, who has lately been chaperoned so assiduously by her young step-mother. Crewe House is admirably adapted for the holding of a great wedding reception, and this marriage was the first of the political weddings which have become such a feature of each season. The bride is, in a sense, closely connected with Lord Rosebery, whose interesting reminiscences of Lord Randolph Churchill are being widely discussed by the world of St. Stephen's. An engagement which has attracted wide attention is that of Mr. Charles Molesworth, a brother of Lord Molesworth, to Miss Elizabeth Langworthy, the charming girl who, as a child, may be said to have been the heroine of one of the most extraordinary *causes célèbres* of the later Victorian era. It was during the course of this case,

which resulted in a great victory for the plaintiff, Mrs. Langworthy, that Mr. Charles Gill, now the noted K.C., first made his mark. Miss Langworthy, who is an orphan, has inherited the striking beauty of her mother.

#### A World-Wide Shock.

The contribution of American-Irishmen to the campaign funds of their party in Ireland is another evidence that the links between the Old World and the New are by no means snapped. It was from America that the notorious Stephens, the "head centre" of the Fenian movement, came forty years ago to raise the standard of revolt in Ireland. News of his arrival had to be wired in cipher by the Foreign Office to the Irish Government. Alas for fallible officialism! they could not read the cipher. They had lost their key. Not so the Fenians. A copy of the telegram was surreptitiously carried to them. They had the key to the cipher safe enough, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the message was duplicated over the cables and known on the other side of the Atlantic, while the Government was trying to puzzle out the cryptogram. The consequence of that little slip was that the cipher used in the British Diplomatic Service had to be changed throughout the whole civilised world.

#### The Kaiser's Philosophy.

Hanging over the Emperor William's work-table is a card of philosophical maxims which he has composed, and which shed a new light on his character. There are six of them, and they run thus: "1. Be strong in suffering. 2. Do not desire the impossible. 3. Seek for good in everything, and happiness in nature and in men. 4. Take the days as they come and men as they are. 5. One hour of happiness will make us forget a thousand hours of bitterness. 6. The world is so great and man is so small that it is impossible that a man should be the centre of the world." These are hardly the sort of maxims which one would have expected the Kaiser to write or to hang up for his own edification; but if these are the rules of conduct which he has laid down for himself, then it is clear that in many quarters he has been very seriously misjudged.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS IN HIDING IN LONDON: COUNTESS OLGA ROMANOFF.

The correspondent who supplies us with the photograph reproduced above states that Countess Olga Romanoff, wife of the late Count Romanoff, is, by her own telling, the eldest daughter of the late Grand Duke Sergius, who, it will be remembered, was recently killed by a bomb in Moscow. She states that she was married secretly to Count Romanoff, who was killed in his house at St. Petersburg, a few months after his wedding, before the eyes of his wife, who, made a prisoner of the officer in charge of the soldiers, only escaped last June.—[Photograph by the View and Portrait Supply Co.]

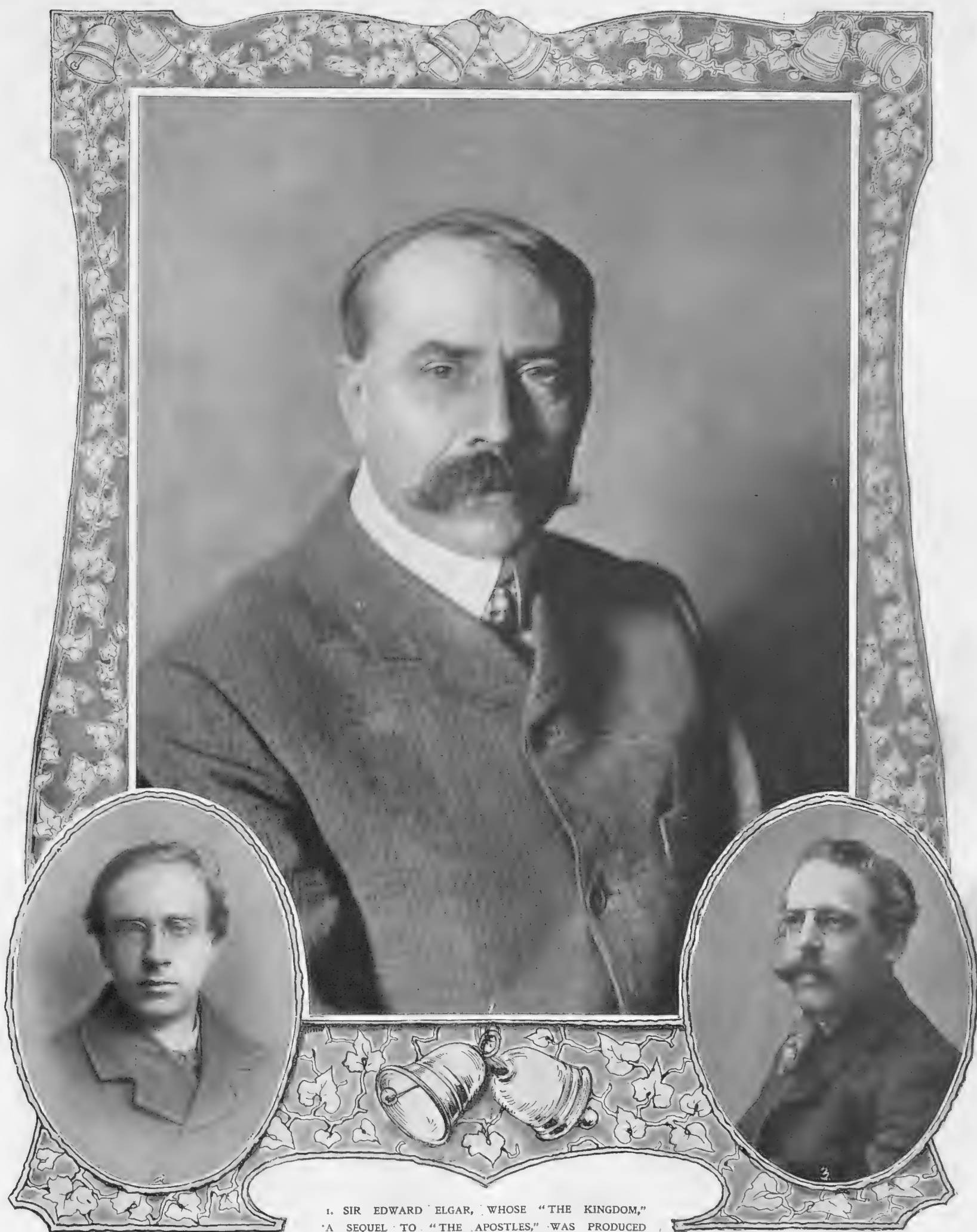


TWO GREEBAS: MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AND HER DAUGHTER STELLA, SHOWING THE GREAT LIKENESS THEY BEAR TO ONE ANOTHER.

We again publish portraits of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her daughter in order to emphasise the great likeness between them, especially when they are in similar costume. Both are shown here in the dress of Greeba in "The Bondman," the part Mrs. Patrick Campbell plays.—[Photographs by W. and D. Downey.]



# THREE MEN OF THE HOUR IN THE MUSICAL WORLD.



1. SIR EDWARD ELGAR, WHOSE "THE KINGDOM,"  
A SEQUEL TO "THE APOSTLES," WAS PRODUCED  
AT THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

Sir Edward Elgar's "The Kingdom" met with great success.  
Mr. Holbrooke's setting of "The Bells" was heard on the same day,  
as was also Mr. Percy Pitt's new "Sinfonietta."

(SEE "KEY-NOTES.")

Photograph by Arthur Hewitt.

2. MR. JOSEF HOLBROOKE, WHOSE SETTING  
OF POE'S "THE BELLS" WAS PRODUCED  
AT THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

Photograph by Russell.

MR. PERCY PITT, WHOSE NEW "SINFONIETTA"  
WAS PRODUCED AT THE BIRMINGHAM  
FESTIVAL.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### The Nation's Heroes.

The National Service for Seafarers this evening is appropriately held in St. Paul's Cathedral. Beneath the feet of the worshippers lies the body of the nation's greatest naval hero, Nelson. Beside him is Wellington. It was in Westminster Abbey that Nelson desired to lie—to the Cathedral that they carried him. The great tomb adjoining his own holds the bones which lay for a twelvemonth upon his own. The two great heroes met but once. Nelson, regarding Wellington as a nobody until chance showed him that he was, as the Duke put it, a Somebody, talked like a conceited schoolboy. His remarks, the Duke has left it on record, were "all about himself, and in really a style so vain and so silly as to surprise and almost disgust me." When he discovered the identity of Wellington there was a startling change, and the soldier found the sailor speaking like a statesman. And now down in the crypt together they lie, a gold-mine to St. Paul's, where sixpence a head is still charged for permission to view them, just as sixpence a head is charged at Westminster Abbey for the right to see the waxworks. A dead hero has his money value if a place of worship have his bones.

### Blacks v. Whites.

The fights between the white population and the negroes in the Southern States of America are not yet at an end. The condition is like that of the sick man who has to be worse before he can be better. The methods employed are not new. A story is recorded as having been told by Lord Rosebery which shows that men and manners were just the same a generation ago as contemporary reports show them to be to-day. There had been a colour fight in which one side had used bludgeons, the other side, razors. Next morning a visitor dropped into the shop of a negro barber to be shaved. He noticed that the razor seemed to go very badly; that it was blunt and that it was apparently beyond the power of the black gentleman to better it. "Yes, Sah," said the barber, in answer to the comment of his client. "It is vurry blunt, Sah; I was out last night, Sah, wid de boys!"

### Faith Cures.

A coroner has been commenting upon the number of useless patent medicines sold in this country. He overlooks, apparently, the power of faith in those who, taking these inoperative compounds, believe themselves cured, and actually are cured in consequence. The Emperor Menelik "touches" his subjects to-day, as our Kings and Queens touched theirs—touches them by proxy, too, and cures. He knows that their faith effects the cure, but they do not. Are not half the people who go abroad to take the waters cured by faith? Nothing is accomplished at the swell

watering-places on the Continent which eclipses the record of the old London and provincial springs, to say nothing of those in Scotland. If you believe tradition, King Robert Bruce was cured of leprosy by bathing in a spring near Ayr. They still point to a loch in Ross-shire which is said to cure deafness, to another which renews the sight, to others which cure insanity. Where there is smoke there is fire. Pilgrimages are not made for generations to the same spot unless good be experienced by some. They went and believed themselves into health, as do the consumers of patent quackeries to-day, and the over-fed hypochondriac who lives rationally for the term of his visit to the waters, and lets faith do the rest.

### The Power of Imagination.

There is no doubt that the power of imagination as a curative agent is far more potent than the man in the street commonly recognises. A concrete example occurred in the experience of Sir Humphry Davy. To him went a man suffering from paralysis, to be treated by electricity. On the patient's seating himself, Davy, as a preliminary, placed a small glass thermometer beneath his tongue to take his temperature. The sick man thought that this was the instrument for curing him, and declared that he felt it run through all his system. Davy, curious to see what lasting effect the imagination would exert, did not undecieve the man, but sent him away, telling him to return daily to have the treatment repeated. The man did as he was told, and returned daily to sit in a chair with the end of a little thermometer tucked beneath his tongue. In a few days he was completely cured, by his own imagination, of his paralysis!

### The Only Way.

The long-continued success of the swindler, Adams, who has just ended his life in America, is another proof, if proof were needed, that the world is as full as ever of pigeons to pluck. On the whole, they seem to fare as well as they deserve; while the man a

little less foolish waxes fat from this his negative advantage. There is always spoil for the man who is a little ahead of his fellows, just as there is fortune for the man whose genius is brighter than that of those with whom he deals. It was a prosperous money-lender who went to a leading member of the house of Rothschild complaining that one of his clients, after borrowing ten thousand francs; had fled to Constantinople without any acknowledgment of the debt. "Write and demand the fifty thousand francs he owes you," said the Baron. "But it is not fifty thousand francs; it is ten thousand," answered the other. "Precisely, and he will write and tell you so, and you will thus have an acknowledgment of the ten thousand," was the reply of the greater man.



1. A funeral wreath with a tin lining holding forty litres of spirit, which passed the Customs several times before the fraud was detected.
2. An indiarubber plastron, which women wear filled with alcohol.

3. An imitation horse-collar for holding alcohol.
4. A top-hat with a secret receptacle carrying a small quantity of alcohol.
5. A tin "waistcoat" holding alcohol.

### SMUGGLING ALCOHOL INTO PARIS: INGENIOUS SPIRIT-HOLDERS USED TO DECEIVE THE CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

There is little doubt that alcohol is the article most often smuggled through the gates of Paris, and this is due to the fact that the tax upon it has increased steadily year by year. The devices adopted by the alcohol-smugglers are many, various, and ingenious. Some of them we show.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the "Scientific American."





## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A HOUSE THAT IS LITERALLY DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF: THE "SPLIT" DWELLING-PLACE OF A FATHER AND HIS SON—HALF OF IT FOR ONE, HALF FOR THE OTHER.—[*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*]



PRIVATE HOUSES IN SAN FRANCISCO USED AS OFFICES BY FIRMS WHOSE BUILDINGS WERE DESTROYED BY THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.



THE CHAPEL OF HUMAN SKULLS AND BONES AT CIVITA VECCHIA, NEAR VALETTA, MALTA.

The chapel is a great attraction to tourists. The skulls and bones are supposed to have been collected by a lady from the various sepulchres on the island after the massacre of the Maltese by the Turks in 1799. An admission fee of sixpence is demanded by the monks in charge. Services are held in an adjoining chapel.



A TWO-FLOORED HOUSE THAT WAS STOLEN BY A GERMAN "HOUSE-BREAKER."

This two-floored house, which is in Wormlitzerstrasse, Halle, was left by will to a man who lives in Berlin. It remained empty for some time, and when the new owner arrived to take possession of it he was unable to find it. It turned out afterwards that a "house-breaker" had informed the town authorities in the usual way that he was about to pull the house down. This he promptly did, taking the material away. He was subsequently arrested.

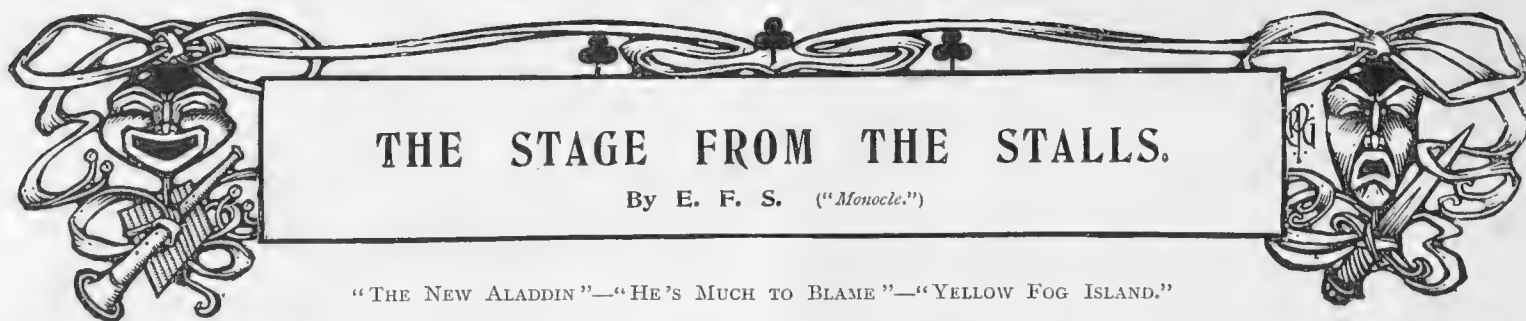
*Photograph by G. Alpers.*



A CEMETERY THAT CONTAINS MORE MEDICINE-BOTTLES THAN MEN.

Our photograph shows the cemetery of L'Oued-el-Kebir, in many of the graves of which (according to an Algiers correspondent) are dozens of medicine-bottles. The presence of these is accounted for by the statement that it is the custom to bury with the deceased the bottles which held the medicines used in the last illness. The correspondent does not state whether the name, address, qualifications, and records of the attending physicians are inscribed on the tombstones.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE NEW ALADDIN"—"HE'S MUCH TO BLAME"—"YELLOW FOG ISLAND."

THERE were some of the audience at the first night of "The New Aladdin" who murmured "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose," and others who murmured nothing in particular loudly, incoherently, and unkindly. Nevertheless, we discovered, on inspecting certain columns—advertisement columns—that the Gaiety has once more produced a masterpiece of genial, irresponsible humour and gay, sparkling music, as well as a rich feast for the eye. Indeed, it seems a little unwise of Mr. George Edwardes to have "given the show away" by explaining to an interviewer the reason why some of the house did not like the new work. It is pleasant to learn that the trouble was due, as, of course, we should all have guessed, "to certain scenes the arrangement of which had been left to others," for Mr. Edwardes has no doubt taken them now into his own hands, and all runs smoothly. It may be doubted whether even he will be able to give the coherence and intelligibility to the second act the lack of which affected some of the audience and the critics.

After the first act hope was quite high in the audience. No one could recollect a better first act in the records of the Gaiety under its present management, and there were reasonable grounds for assuming that the nine persons whose names appear on the programme as authors and composers would succeed in getting real fun out of the adventures of Aladdin and his companions in the transmogrified, idealised London. Naturally some disappointment was felt when it was found that, conquered by tradition, the manufacturers of the piece and Mr. Edwardes, instead of developing their ideas, were resorting to the customary system of introducing more or less dis-related numbers, the order of many of which could be changed without disturbance of the dramatic form of the work.

There is no need to follow the example of the daily papers and tell the plot and attempt to assign to the individual authors and composers their credit for the songs. As a crew, the nine seem to have worked very harmoniously for half the course, and even in dealing with the second act one could hardly speak of a clash of "styles," although the methods of the lyrics' writers are to some extent different. The chief novelty lies in the changes made in the Gaiety company. Several of the most popular members remain, but there are successful recruits. Perhaps the most useful member is Mr. Edmund Payne as the comic office-boy. It may be that he made no apparent effort to give a new turn to his humours, yet it must be

remembered that for years he has defied the phrase about not repeating a success, and no one seems disposed to offer him the chance of getting out of a rut: why should they, when without change he can cause such roars of laughter? Miss Connie Ediss, who not long ago had a little flirtation with the legitimate, is, of course, very amusing as the Spirit of the Ring; Mr. Robert Nainby, for a long time one of the best actors at the Gaiety, is cleverly entertaining in the part of the German General. If we are to have "principal boys" again at the Gaiety, it is well they should be as charming and restrained as Miss Lily Elsie, who delighted everybody in the rôle of Aladdin; and the prettiest part of the affair lay in her scenes with Miss Adrienne Augarde, the dainty little Princess. The recruit from Paris, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, is called, "the Charm of Paris," which perhaps will not make the French feel proud, though they may be glad to hear that her saucy singing enabled her to make a hit. So, after all, it hardly matters if there were some murmurs on the first night. Mr. Edwardes has the ingredients for a success, and he, as major chef, will reform the sauce which the too many minor cooks managed to spoil.

Mr. W. H. C. Nation is a man of strong views and high moral purpose. In choosing the medium of musical comedy for the expression of those views and that purpose he shows originality. In choosing such a very curiously infantile musical comedy as "Yellow Fog Island," and presenting it upon the stage, he shows daring. It is therefore comforting to find that he, being a man of such qualities, is not disheartened by the result of the first production under his management at Terry's Theatre. Apparently Mr. Arthur Sturges has taken an old magazine story by Gilbert A'Beckett, and turned it into an unsophisticated little drawing-room pantomime, into which Mr. Nation has inserted his views and purpose with an incongruity which is fascinating and a lack of humour on the border-line between the painful and the very funny. Save for its quaintness, this "musical and satirical play" has little to recommend it, and the voice of Miss Elise Cooke (which is a well-trained and powerful one) is about the only thing in the play and its performance which can honestly be praised.

"He's Much to Blame" filled up the first half of Mr. Nation's programme. It is a comedy written early in the last century by Thomas Holcroft, and perhaps compression into two acts does not do it justice. As we saw it, there seemed nothing to justify its revival. Mr. Charles Groves made something out of the part of a garrulous German doctor; and Miss Maie Ash played prettily as a forsaken maid, who, in male attire, pursues a faithless lover.



"MAJOR BARBARA" AS PUCK: MISS ANNIE RUSSELL IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Miss Annie Russell, who made her last appearance in this country a few months ago in the name-part of George Bernard Shaw's discussion, "Major Barbara," recently played as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in America. Her performance was received with much interest.—[Photograph by G. Grantham Bain.]



Miss Florence Haydon as Martha. Miss Elfrida Clement as Monica.

MR. KEBLE HOWARD'S COMEDY, "COMPROMISING MARTHA," AT THE HAYMARKET: MISS FLORENCE HAYDON AS MARTHA, AND MISS ELFRIDA CLEMENT AS MONICA.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios



"THE NEW ALADDIN'S" SPORTING PRINCESS.



MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE, WHO IS PLAYING THE PRINCESS IN "THE NEW ALADDIN," AT THE GAIETY.

*Photographs by Bassano.*



IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET—  
NOT ACCORDING TO H. G. WELLS.



"BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER."

THE BOY OF THE FAR FUTURE: And did men ever live in London, Pa?

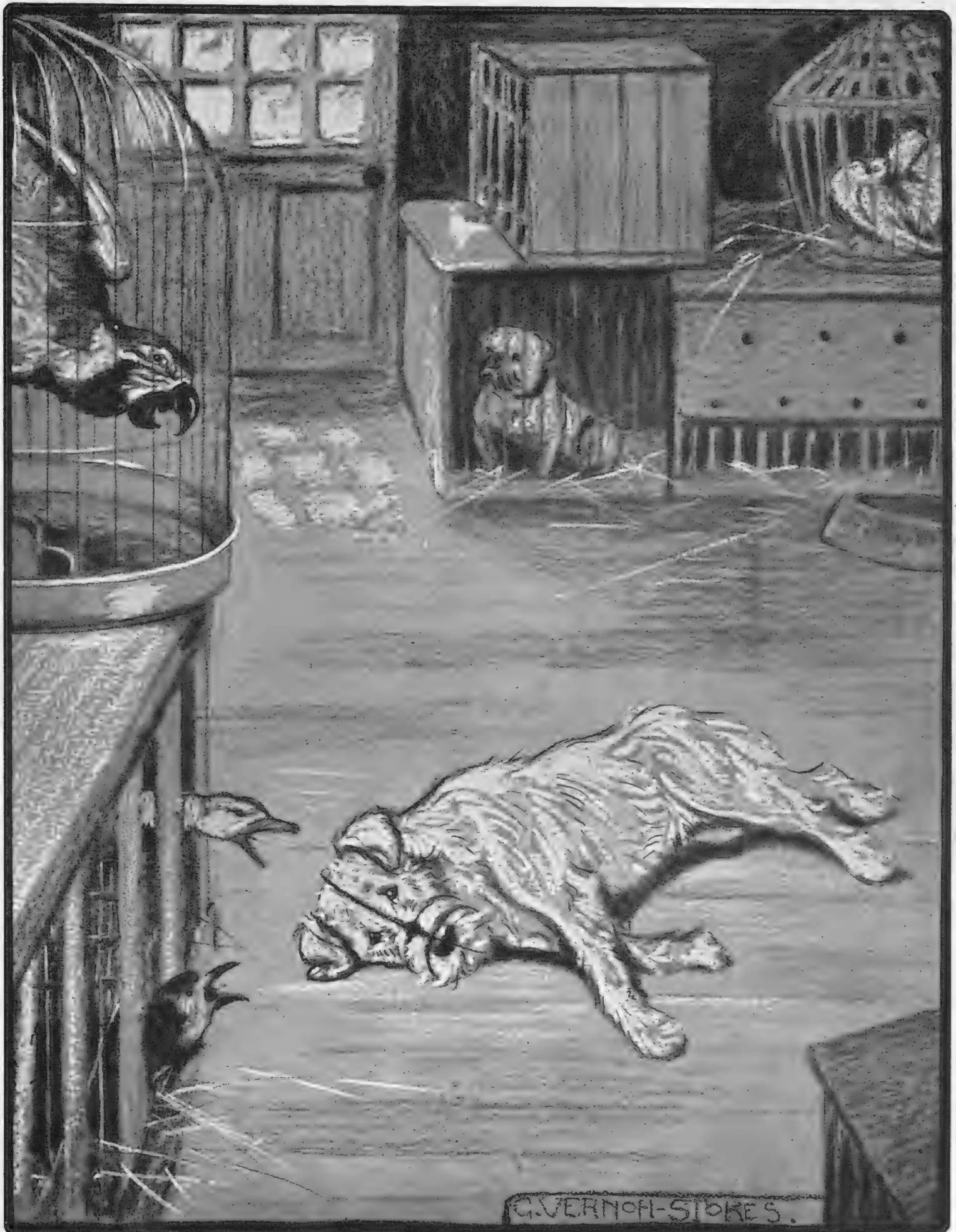
THE PAPA OF THE FAR FUTURE: Well, yes, my son, a sort of man-beast with the brains of our present-day goose and of a strange, uncouth appearance.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



# THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

BEING THE STORY OF A CANINE RAKEWELL.



VII.—HE FINDS HIMSELF IN BEDLAM.

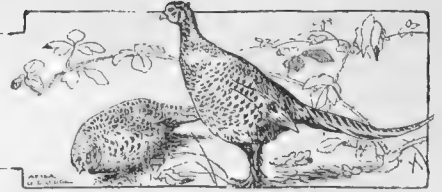
DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.





## WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*The Season for Migration.*

Although we have reached a time of the year when shooting is in full swing, and no game-bird is protected from the sportsman's attack, there are many aspects of wild life that may well serve to withdraw the amateur naturalist from the firing-line. Along our shores, emigration and immigration are in full swing, aliens are coming or going, and although there is no Alien Immigration Act in Nature, there are birds of prey innumerable waiting to deal with those who come and those who go, through the medium of claws as well as bill. Every wind that blows to or from these shores seems to play its part in bringing winter visitors from the frozen North, or taking our summer residents from the severity of winter to come. In some parts of the country, particularly on the East Coast, great flocks of migrants may be seen collecting when the summer is over: swallows of every kind, nightingales now quite mute, young cuckoos following the tracks of their parents—all are to be seen. In anticipation of their journey, hawks and their hungry kindred gather round the migrants' line of flight, taking heavy toll of stragglers; but as far as can be seen, small birds have learned by experience to take the one precaution left to them, and when they begin their flight they rise to an immense height. The pace is always their best; with a favouring wind the swallows, for example, may hope to be in Africa on the day following their departure from these shores, and even nightingales and cuckoos travel at a very rapid rate—far greater than that of small migrating game-birds, like the quail, whose night journey lands them exhausted in the first fields encountered after daybreak.

*The Roads in the Air.*

Beyond the comparative safety coming to migrating birds that fly well above the ordinary range of their natural enemies, they have the additional advantage of seeing their route very clearly. I remember asking an old shepherd who lived on the hills of Mediuna, at a point where the African coast looks out over the Mediterranean and Atlantic, to tell me what he knew of the vast companies of birds that passed over him in the spring and autumn of the year. He had no special knowledge; the only bird he cared for was the stork, who built her nest year after year on the roof of his master's house, and taught her young to catch-frogs—and practise the arts of flight in the marshes near his home. But he had noticed that birds travelling to the north always passed in a well-defined direction, and that those coming south moved with an equal regularity, and he assured me that this was from Allah, who in His wisdom had set paths for the birds that they might travel in security to their winter and summer homes. He told me, too, that there was never more than two or three days' difference in the time of flight, and that at the proper season of the

year the wind told him where to look, and he was never disappointed. The mysterious instinct that guides birds on their way through the pathless fields of air is clearly a greater gift than we think when first we note the act of migration. Many of the birds that come and go are taking their journey together for the first time, and apparently without the guidance of their elders, and yet they know the road as well as the master of some tramp steamer knows the trackless waterway that has no story at all to tell the landsman. Of course, there are times when stress of weather may delay the journey, and even blow birds out of their course; but they seem to know the route they ought to follow, and when the storm is past they find the road again. Perhaps the migrants of the sea have no less certain paths beneath the waters—at least, I have had occasion to think so.

*The Path of the Tunny.*

I remember visiting the Algarves some years ago and staying at a tiny village called Albufeira, midway between Lagos and Faro. Though the place looks prosperous enough from the sea, and yields a charming prospect of white houses shining from the hillside, it is very poor, and its chief industry is the tunny-fishing. Apart from the produce of ill-kept fields and sun-scorched gardens, the people rely entirely upon the precious fish, and they have a big fleet of unseaworthy fishing-smacks in which they pursue the tunny. When one of these smacks puts out, a couple of men or boys are usually required to bail the water out, and I was told that no special measure of seaworthiness is required, because the tunny always come in fine weather. Making further inquiries, I learnt that the arrival of the fish occurs year after year with unfailing regularity, and that the villagers know within a very few days when the fish are due. The tunny come, no man knows whence, and go, no man knows whither, but they are to be caught a mile or two beyond Albufeira for some ten days in

May, and during these ten days the fisherfolk work until they fall asleep in the boats, and every available man and boy is on the spot. When the tunny shoal has passed, the villagers know that they must wait for another spring to secure their next harvest. It would appear, then, that the mysterious procession of migrating birds is matched in a fashion by the equally strange migration of the tunny, and doubtless of many other fish unknown to me; and that year after year the shoals, moving to their unknown destination, pass over the same ground at the same time, paying heavy toll to the fisherfolk. The laws that bind them to one road and to one season are stronger than man the enemy. Consequently, Albufeira thrives, and the rotten old boats will doubtless be used until, like the Deacon's wonderful "one-horse shay," they collapse altogether, and are seen no more.



A JULES VERNE ADVENTURE OF TO-DAY: A BALLOON CROSSING THE PYRENEES—A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH.

Our photograph, which may certainly lay claim to be unique, shows a balloon carrying the well-known Spanish writer, Alberto Mahar, and Señor Fernandez Duro, president of the Aéro Club of Spain, who died recently, over the Pyrenees. It was in memory of Señor Duro that the Spanish balloons carried crape-hung flags during the race for the Gordon Bennett Balloon Cup.

Stereograph Copyright by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.



DID HE THINK THE CURATE GREEN STUFF?



NEW CURATE: I say, Madam, that wretched little dog of yours has bitten a piece clean out of my leg.  
 THE LADY (*anxiously*): Dear, dear! How annoying, when Tony's been ill, and the dear veterinary surgeon said he wasn't to touch meat for at least two weeks.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE death of Mrs. J. H. Riddell has evoked little comment. She had outlived her popularity, which in her day was great. But she deserves to be remembered for at least one book, "George Geith." It is a better and stronger novel than many that sell in these days by tens of thousands. It was Mrs. Riddell's ambition to bring the City man and his ways in business and out of it within the scope of fiction, and in the 'sixties this was difficult. To compare her with Balzac would be absurd, but it may be said that she did in her measure what Balzac accomplished in such books as "César Birotteau." The success of "George Geith" was not repeated, though some of the other books had considerable popularity. Mrs. Riddell's experience of life was very hard. She took a most gloomy view of the literary profession and its rewards. More than twenty years ago I received from her a long autobiographical letter, in which she expressed her sorrow that she had ever been led to use her pen. She tried editing, and was unfortunate in a perfectly hopeless periodical, the *St. James's Magazine*.

In his autobiography, Sir Wemyss Reid gives a graphic account of Mrs. Riddell, whom he knew in the days of the *St. James's Magazine*. His first interview with her took place in a cellar underneath a shop in Cheapside. The shop was her husband's, and there certain patent stoves of which he was the inventor and manufacturer were exposed for sale. Mrs. Riddell, a lady of delightful manners and charming appearance, acted as her husband's clerk and made out invoices in the cellar beneath the shop. She was not, however, a good woman of business, and her magazine was rarely out on the proper day. She was very hospitable, and entertained many literary people in her rambling old house at Tottenham. Her guests were bored by her husband, who continually attempted to tell some long-winded story. On one occasion he found an opening, and got as far as, "What you were saying reminds me of an anecdote I once heard." At this point George Augustus Sala struck his fist on the table and thundered a stentorian "Stop, Sir!" Mr. Riddell looked at him half frightened, half indignant. "If the story you propose to tell us," continued Sala, "is an improper one, I wish to tell you that we have heard it already; and if it is not improper, we do not want to hear it at all."

Many of us are beginning to face the prospect of going back to school and beginning again with the alphabet. Mr. Bernard Shaw benignantly proposes that a competent artist should prepare new letters, and about phonetic spelling we have all heard more than enough. Now our views of grammar are threatened. A clever writer in the *Manchester Guardian* defends the phrase "different to." He says that it is used by Dekker, Fielding, and Thackeray among others, and is gradually superseding "different from" just as "foreign from" and "inferior from," which were once common, have been superseded by "foreign to" and "inferior to." He goes on to draw a subtle distinction between the two expressions. "To" expresses comparison in the vaguest and most abstract way; it merely puts the two things together for comparison. "From" expresses difference as a

divergence or separation of one thing from another. When we say A is different from B, we make B the standard from which A departs. By the use of the verb—"A differs from B"—the difference is put almost as an act of divergence on the part of A, while B remains standing, as it were, and perhaps it is for that reason that the preposition of separation is the only appropriate one with the verb. All this is too wonderful for me. It should be known by this time that all great writers, and Thackeray not least, frequently fall into grammatical slips.

Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Listener's Lure" (Methuen) is an "oblique narration" in the form of letters. It is a gentle and delightful book, full of quiet humour and happy turns of thought and phrase. It has not the cruel and formidable cleverness of "Mr. Woodhouse's Correspondence," by Mr. G. W. E. Russell and Miss Sichel, but it is a more companionable book. Mr. Lucas's plan gives him a wide range, and many aspects of contemporary life are touched on slightly but sufficiently. One of the most pleasing episodes is that of Orme Rodwell, a gentleman who plans a new weekly review to be called the *Discerner*. He writes to three friends, asking for capital—to Mrs. Pink, Miss Fielding, and Sir Herbert Royce. The variations as well as the coincidences in the three letters are most admirably done: £10,000 is the capital mentioned to Mrs. Pink; to Miss Fielding £5000, and to Sir Herbert £10,000, "not necessarily all at once, but guaranteed." "Of course at first it is all uphill work with a new paper of this character, but once the corner is turned it is all right. I understand that the profits of the *Spectator* are anything from £10,000 to £15,000 a year. . . . We estimate cost of paper and printing at £43 a week, and the revenue from advertisements at £80; added to this there is the income from selling review copies of books, and I am thinking of giving a coloured caricature of some prominent man with each number, the honour of being included to be paid for at the rate of £50." This is for the ladies, and not for Sir Herbert. The replies are equally admirable. Mrs. Pink writes: "I can't understand why you want to start a new paper. Why not join the staff of the *Saturday Review* or the *Spectator*, or one of the papers which now exist, and which you are always criticising, and make them better?"

Miss Fielding is equally uncompromising. " '*Discerner*' indeed! What you want to be is a wage-earner. As for this modern fashion for discerning, I am very doubtful about it—I have seen it lead to so much trouble. A man who labels himself a discerner is certainly self-conscious beyond decency, and most probably a prig." Sir Herbert Royce is equally blunt. "What is the matter with you is that you don't mean anything. You have no purpose. You leave off every evening just where you began. Such men can't edit papers. No, you must go on happily as you can, finding new adjectives for Old Masters and young decadents: that is your work. But don't throw away other people's money on a scheme that is as certain of failure as you and I are certain of death." There is a great deal more in "Listener's Lure" that is at least equally good.

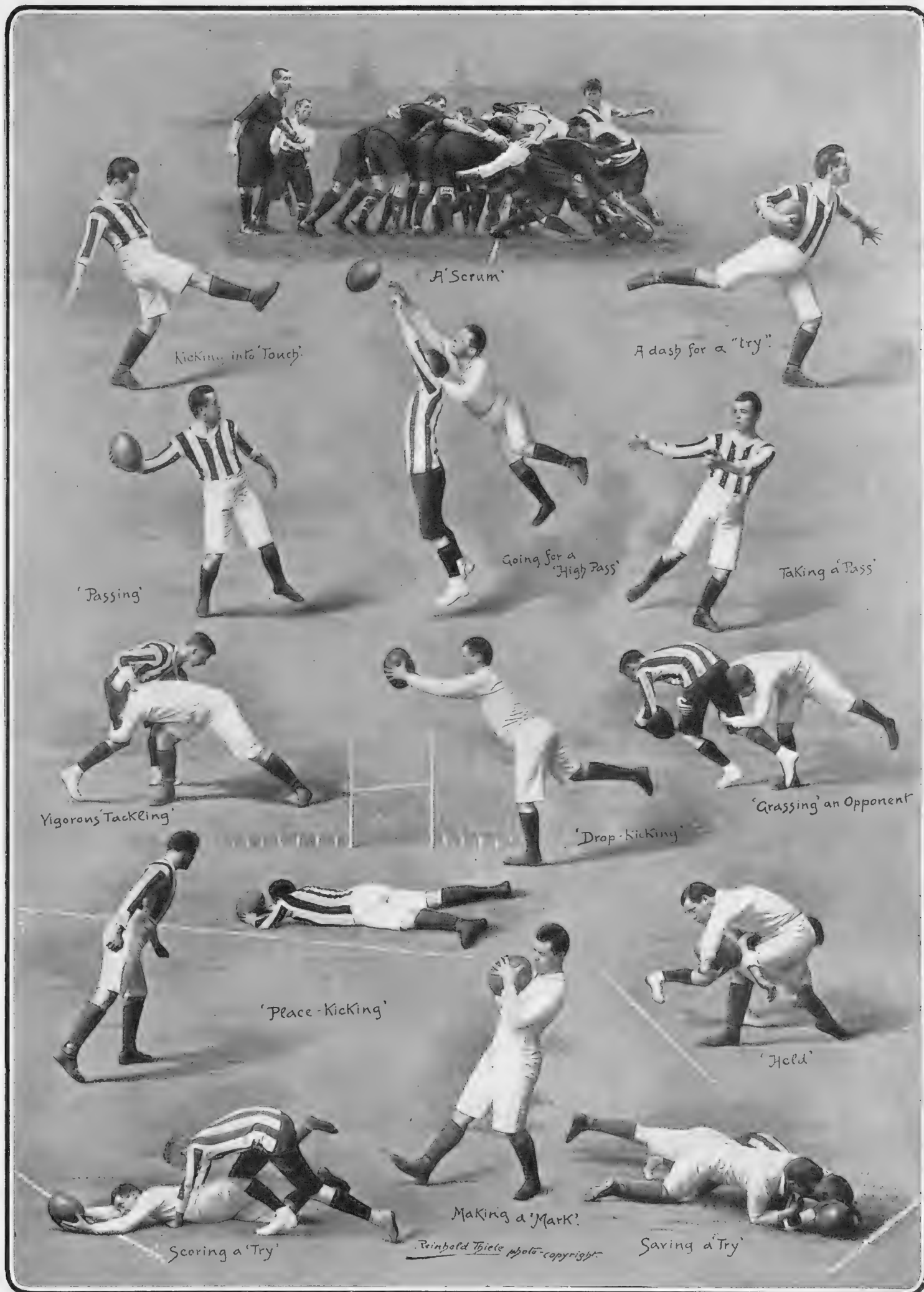
O. O.



ONE OF THE CRIES OF LONDON: A QUOTATION MISAPPLIED.



THE GAME THE SPRINGBOKKEN PLAY.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A VICARIOUS WOOING.

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.



"I NEVER could, Mrs. Rivers," I declared.

"You never know what you can —" she commenced, when I interrupted.

"Don't say that. I will not be encouraged by a platitude," I said. "I need personal, not platitudinous encouragement."

"You can hardly expect her to be obviously encouraging," she urged. "I grant that many women are; but—the desirability is in inverse ratio to the encouragement, surely?" She leant a little nearer to me.

"The personal encouragement may be vicarious," I suggested. I gave her a quick look, and she laughed just a little. She has a voice made for laughter.

"You mean —" she hesitated.

"Exactly. A married woman naturally understands these matters better than — I am a docile pupil."

"I think you might become an apt one." She fingered her fan, and smiled at it. Seen in profile, I think I admire her more than when full face. Looking down at the fan, her long lashes with their delicate uplift are shown to exquisite advantage.

"It entirely depends upon the teacher," I assured her. "I think I demand sympathy."

"Sympathy is desirable." She turned round and smiled openly at me. I am not sure that her full face is not more perfect than the profile. Surely it is cruel to veil violet eyes even with the white curtains of perfect lids! "Undoubtedly sympathy is desirable. Your sister Ellen—"

"Did you go to your brother Vernon?" I asked.

"The position is a little different," she asserted. "You see, we are constrained to be passive."

"Altogether?" I asked again.

"You are not entirely unobservant," she laughed. "But that is beside the question. We are not permitted to—"

"The mere vocalisation is, I grant you, counted as one of our privileges. But—I have very little experience—is there not something more subtle? And may not that something come from either—well, antagonist?"

"Antagonist" is not a nice term. And, Mr. Tyrrell, are you sure that you require a teacher?"

"Quite."

"Who must be sympathetic?" She spoke musingly.

"Who certainly must be sympathetic."

"It is hard—to think—" She wrinkled her brow, but I saw a lip quiver. "There is Emily Entranon," she suggested.

"She lacks experience." Mrs. Rivers smiled in a gratified way. "And she is not here. . . . Suppose—" I looked at her. She sat up quite suddenly.

"Why, I do not even know her name! And I am not at all sure that you really mean—"

"But I do," I asserted. "I mean very much. And what does her name matter? I have some diffidence—"

"That is the sole reason of our conversation—your diffidence. Surely you can—"

"But I cannot," I interrupted. "I come to you for advice. Of course, I can frame a question. That is not the difficulty. But—I may do it in quite the wrong manner. I cannot very well go to her—I think I ought to suppress her name—and try it different ways, can I?"

"You are absurd, Mr. Tyrrell!"

"There!" I said triumphantly. "That is my argument. I am absurd—and I don't want to be absurd. How can I go to her—I dislike this sort of pronoun which is really impersonal—how can I go to—shall I choose a mere Christian name as a label, Mrs. Rivers?"

"It would perhaps make for clearness." I saw by her eyes that curiosity was properly a component part of her very feminine soul. The rest of the house-party were engaged in foolish music or serious bridge. The conservatory was large, and I had chosen a remote corner of it. There was a certain element of melancholy in the air of the house. Our party was to break up on the morrow, and we had been together a very long time—nine days, in point of fact. Naturally, we had all grown more or less intimate—and Mrs. Rivers from the first had taken an interest in my prospects.

"It need not necessarily be *the* one," I said.

"It need not be," she acquiesced, with only a faint suggestion of regret in her voice.

"You don't mind which name I choose?"

"What's in a name?" she quoted smilingly.

"Then that's settled," I said, with relief. "To return, Mrs. Rivers. How can I go to Viola—"

"Mr. Tyrrell!" she exclaimed. "You are absurd! That is my name!"

"I know," I answered. "It is also mine. I've just chosen it."

"But I cannot permit—"

"But you have permitted—you gave me carte blanche. I naturally chose the most charming I knew. My dear Mrs. Rivers, your position is untenable—you have not a monopoly of the name."

"Suppose someone heard—" She was watching me with new interest.

"I could explain if necessary."

"Explanations when necessary are useless." She tapped the floor with her slipper.

"No one is at all likely to hear. Have you a special Someone—" I looked at her inquiringly.

"You appear to have forgotten that I am a married woman."

"If one could only—" I left the sentence uncompleted and sighed. "It is absurd to ask married couples together," I added, with some heat. "However, Mr. Rivers is playing billiards. And besides, I am really anxious to learn exactly how it is done. I think you ought to give me advice."

"Ought?"

"You have encouraged me, Mrs. Rivers—"

"Mr. Tyrrell!"

"To regard you as a friend," I continued suavely. "This is a matter upon which I must consult a friend—not a relative. Even a cousin is too near of kin to be kind. Besides, I feel that I can talk to you."

"I'm sure of that, Mr. Tyrrell." She smiled over the top of her fan.

"As I can talk to no one else."

"Possibly that is advisable. You are a little disconcerting sometimes." She made a rueful face at me, and we both smiled. There is something reassuring in simultaneous smiles.

"But I cannot," I continued firmly, "talk to you unless I use a name."

"Which is not the real name," she added.

"Which is not necessarily the real name," I supplemented. "You gave me my choice, and I have chosen. I will recommence. I cannot go to Viola—"

"It sounds absurd," she remonstrated.

"In reality, it is not. I cannot go to Viola and chance making a fool of myself."

"No—no; I think you are wise to abstain from that, Mr. Tyrrell. But I hardly see in what way I can—" She raised inquiring eyebrows.

"You will tell me how it is done," I informed her.

"Really, Mr. Tyrrell!"

"Or you can hear me—"

"I assure you, I had rather not," she interposed hurriedly.

"On consideration I think that is the better way. You can correct my exercises, point out where I go wrong, and suggest additions."

"I think they would hardly be necessary." She opened her big violet eyes in deprecation. "Indeed, I very much doubt whether you are really in need of a teacher."

"You are mistaken—I assure you that I have great need of you."

"As a teacher," she added, "you overrate my abilities. I—I am sure there are a hundred better able to—to help you." I shook my head. She hid a smile discreetly with her fan. "How can I teach what I have not practised?"

"But what must have been practised so often before you. You have an imagination."

"A discreet one." She shook her head warningly.

"Be my Viola," I asked.

"It will not go so far as that."

"It will—if you are kind. I may have no other opportunity. We

[Continued overleaf.]



ONLY A FACE AT THE WINDOW!



CLEMENTINA: How much is it to Shepherd's Bush?

BOX-OFFICE CLERK: Tuppence. I've told you that five times already.

CLEMENTINA: Yes, I know. But Little Willy likes to see you come to the window;  
it reminds him of the Zoo.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

separate to-morrow. I may blunder horribly. Suppose I lost my Viola——"

"I hope there is no near door," she interjected a little anxiously.

"No—and the palms are not consumptive enough to be transparent. If I lost my Viola through you——"

"You are ridiculous, Mr. Tyrrell! And is it not—well, I may be frank?—starting with unwarranted complacency? Your Viola!"

"She may be mine," I said, looking at her earnestly.

"She may not—at least, she is not."

"But with your help—— Should I hold her hand? I am divided in my mind as to the right course. You see, even at the start I am helpless."

"Certainly not at first," Mrs. Rivers said, hastily removing her own hand, which was resting on the arm of my chair.

"But afterwards?" I leant forward. I really wanted to know. She laughed a little embarrassedly and looked away. "The question is, when? You don't realise how earnest I am, Mrs. Rivers."

"I realise how foolish we both are," she answered.

"Yes, that may be so. All earnestness is foolish, and folly is——"

"Never mind what, Mr. Tyrrell. What is it you want to know?"

"You are not sympathetic," I complained. "I thought you would be, but you are not. You don't realise what Viola is to me."

"I presume she is nothing——"

"Actually at the present, no. That is, I have said nothing. But is an unspoken admiration nothing? Suppose I were—well, you are a very charming woman, Mrs. Rivers."

"We will suppose nothing more," she interposed quickly.

"You see!" I said triumphantly. "You could not be nothing to me."

"In such a case," she added. "In such a supposititious case."

"You objected to its being supposition," I said.

"You are confusing the issues," she replied. Her cheek, the one nearest me, the only one I could see, was certainly a trifle heightened in colour. "What is it you want to know?"

"Should I take Viola's hand when I say 'I love you'?"

"Yes, then." She looked away. There was a golden-brown curl that strayed over her white neck.

"Just when I lean forward and say, 'Viola, I——'"

"Yes, I am quite sure that would be the time," she broke in.

"Thank you, Mrs. Rivers," I said, reaching out and imprisoning her hand.

"Surely you are over-realistic, Mr. Tyrrell." She removed her hand, not urgently nor without a lingering regret, from my grasp. "After all, I am merely an understudy—is not that the stage jargon? You are only rehearsing a passion."

"But a rehearsal should be in every way the same thing as the performance," I remonstrated. "I do not think you treat the matter seriously enough."

"There might be a danger in treating it too seriously," she murmured.

"For me—no doubt," I sighed. "But for you——" I waited. She fidgeted with her fan—I saw one feather flutter down, a small crimson feather.

"For me?" She shrugged her shoulders. "There is a danger also—it may become too protracted." I did not think there was such a danger—Mrs. Rivers was obviously enjoying herself.

"I wanted to hold your hand from a merely experimental point of view, Mrs. Rivers,"

I explained. "There are many ways of holding a hand. One may be too cold, too flaccid, too complacent."

"I see no reason to suspect you of lack of—shall I say warmth?"

"On the other hand, one may be—well, too ardent."

"A woman naturally objects to dislocation."

"If you would let me——" I caught her hand again. "Should I hold it throughout? 'Viola, I have been afraid to say before what now I can restrain no longer. I love you, my darling——'"

"Really, Mr. Tyrrell!" She released her hand.

"And so on! Should I——"

"I don't think so—it would certainly be misconstrued if anyone entered."

"I mean, should I hold Viola's hand all that time? Is it more impressive?"

Mrs. Rivers laughed, and turned to me frankly, opening her violet eyes very wide.

"This choice of name is—well, confusing. And if you act as well as you rehearse I think you want nothing from me."

"But I do," I assured her. Her eyes questioned me. "I am so anxious to be quite perfect——"

"A laudable ambition, Mr. Tyrrell—but one difficult of attainment."

"—In my methods of siege that I require your assistance. I told you in the first place that I never could address her. You were interested and encouraged me to try. I—naturally—did not disclose her identity."

"I think you were wise," she said hastily.

"But I do claim your help."

"Women are not all built alike," she commenced seriously.

"Roughly speaking, there are one and the rest," I agreed, wondering at the infinity of mischief contained in two violet eyes, however large.

"Yes," she continued, smiling, "and it is so difficult for one of 'the rest' to precipitate herself into the 'one.' How can I possibly know what methods would influence your Viola?"

"I think you can—intuitively. You really are very much alike. You—she is very charming. I am sure what pleases you would please her. Her likeness to you first attracted——"

"Mr. Tyrrell!"

"That is not correct, of course; but as you said just now, you are very confusing——"

"My dear Mr. Tyrrell, of what else will you accuse me?"

"Confusing, Mrs. Rivers, in possessing the same name. Seriously, she is very like you. If I could please you I could please her." I leant forward. "I am quite sure of that. Do you think I could please—her?"

We heard a step in the conservatory, and Mrs. Rivers started. The amiable form of her husband stood at the other end, complacency radiating from every curve of his over-curved figure.

He came towards us heavily.

"Ah, you there, Viola!" he said. "We want another for pool—you don't play, Tyrrell?"

"No, I don't play—I'm in earnest!" I said savagely.

"Eh, what?" he said.

Mrs. Rivers rose and went out dutifully on the arm of her husband.

"I'm glad you came, Dick, another minute and I should have yawned," I heard hersay.

So I never had an opportunity of hearing Mrs. Rivers's answer to my question. I wonder what it would have been? And I wonder who the other Viola really was. I think she must have been a composite character—I have adored with so catholic a spirit.

THE END.



THE NEWEST NOTE IN FURNISHING: SUGGESTED TREATMENT FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM OF AN ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN the doors of the Criterion open on Saturday to admit the audience to witness the performance of Mr. W. Kingsley Tarpey's "The Amateur Socialist," and Miss Gladys Unger's "The Lemonade Boy," a new manager will be added to the list of those who are anxious to supply entertainment to the London playgoer. Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen comes to his work with a long experience as an acting manager gained with Mr. James Welch and other well-known actors. For his own sake, as well as for the theatre, everyone will hope that he will make a success in his new venture. The wish will also be emphasised by the admirers of the work of his late father, the well-known novelist. The leading parts in "The Amateur Socialist" will be played by Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Percival Stevens, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who will appear in the part she originally acted when the play was first produced, Miss Ethel Matthews, Miss Margaret Bussé, and Miss Carlotta Addison. Those concerned in "The Lemonade Boy" are Mr. O. P. Heggie, Mr. Percy H. Jackson, Mr. B. Y. Rae, Miss Nella Powys, and Miss Minnie Terry.

It was only last week that reference was made to the rapid way in which Mr. Galsworthy had got a hearing. This week it is the turn of Mr. Rudolf Bessier, the author of the new play to be produced at the Adelphi, where "Tristram and Iseult" will finish its run on Saturday. It was only during the long summer days that Mr. Bessier took his play to Mr. Oscar Asche, who was so struck with it that he at once accepted it. It is a bold venture, for "The Virgin Goddess," as it is called, is written in blank verse, and is based on the lines of the ancient Greek drama. It will bring Miss Genevieve Ward back to the stage, and for that alone it should be welcome. Mr. Bessier is another of the journalists to turn his attention to dramatic work, for he is on the editorial staff of the *Royal Magazine*.

What has been called the "intelligent anticipation of events" occasionally leads the paragraphist who writes about the stage and its followers into statements without that basis of fact on which alone they should be built. Because Mr. Hayden Coffin is under engagement to Mr. Frank Curzon, and Mr. Frank Curzon is known to be contemplating the production of at least two other musical comedies, it has not only been assumed, but has also been stated, that he will appear in one or other of them. To add chapter and verse, his name has been specially connected with "The Three Kisses," in which his part is defined as that of "a breezy sailor." As a matter of fact, Mr. Hayden Coffin's engagement with Mr. Curzon will terminate on Dec. 8, so far as he is aware, for nothing has up to now been said to him about a re-engagement. This kind of gossip does an actor no good, for it may prevent him being approached by other people, as managers naturally prefer not to bid for players who have already made their arrangements.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys' admirers will regret to learn that her opening play in New York, "The Dear Unfair Sex," by Mr. Inglis Allen, has proved anything but a success, and was withdrawn after a short run, in

spite of the fact that it was played by a strong cast, headed by Mr. Gerald Lawrence. Now Miss Jeffreys is going on tour as Kate Hardcastle in a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Mr. Lawrence, no one will need reminding, was Sir Henry Irving's leading man at the time of the great actor's death. To occupy that position he had refused several advantageous offers, including opportunities to be at the head of his own company. After Sir Henry's death he was engaged for America, where he has been acting ever since, though, with his newly made wife, Miss Fay Davis, he came to England during the summer, a part of which they spent in Cornwall with Mrs. Lawrence senior. The failure of Miss Ellis Jeffreys' play has disarranged Mr. Lawrence's plans, but as he possesses all the mental qualities that make an actor attractive, the next mail is more than likely to bring advices of his being engaged.

Miss Fay Davis has made a great success in "The House of Mirth," founded on Miss Edith Wharton's well-known novel of that name by the author and Mr. Clyde Fitch.

This evening in Birmingham Mr. Martin Harvey will appear for the first time in the dual part of "The Corsican Brothers," which, by the way, he originally intended to produce last month. The last famous revival of this play was, it need hardly be said, that by Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum about a quarter of a century ago, though there were rumours that it was to be revived by Mr. H. B. Irving last spring. It was Charles Kean who originally produced the work, the main incident in which was taken from real life by Dumas. The English version was prepared by Dion Boucicault, who adapted many French plays for the English stage. This version Mr. Martin Harvey will use—with a difference, the difference having been introduced by Miss Violet Langbridge, a daughter of the Reverend Frederick Langbridge, one of the authors of "The Only Way."



"SERGEANT BRUCE" IN SECTIONS.



"SERGEANT BRUCE" READY FOR WORK.

## THE NEWEST MECHANICAL MAN.

"Sergeant Bruce," who is to appear in the "halls" of this country, comes from America. It is said to have taken fifteen years' work and £6000 to make him. The figure, which is eight feet high, is first shown to the audience in sections, and is put together, in full view of them. The "man" then moves his arms, legs, and head, smokes, winks, bows to the audience, and dances. Its inventor announces that the "sergeant" is worked by the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy.

Photographs by White.

those plays are submitted at one or other of the West End theatres. To-morrow evening's performance of the new romantic play with the alliterative title, "Matt of Merry Mount," at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, therefore merits mention in this place. It has other claims to distinction, for it is written by B. M. Dix and E. C. Sutherland, who have done such good work for the stage, and the principal parts will be taken by Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, Mr. Malcolm Cherry, Mr. Alfred Kendrick, Miss Kathleen Doyle, and Miss Lilius Waldegrave.

# KEY-NOTES

**D**URING the past week the musical interest in England has been centred in the town of Birmingham, where the Triennial Festival has been taking place. It would be impossible to imagine any musical festival in this town without an opening performance embodying Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The work, as everybody knows, was written specially for Birmingham. Richter was the conductor for the week, and his method of controlling his forces may be described as masterly. He has not the modern nervous manner of conducting; he has tremendous dignity. The feature of this particular performance was the singing of Mr. William Higley in the part of Elijah. He seemed to realise Mendelssohn's dramatic idea of the part, and gave us a magnificent rendering, both vocally and dramatically; he is a young singer who, by his performance of the part of the Prophet, showed us that he has a great future before him. Madame Albani sang with her usual distinction, and Madame Ada Crossley, Miss Gleeson-White, and Mr. John Harrison were also among the soloists. The chorus was almost perfect, special words of praise being due to the basses.

To come to one or two details, the opening chorus, "Help, Lord," was particularly artistic, owing largely to the gradations of tone, from pianissimo to fortissimo of which these singers showed themselves capable. Again, in all the "Baal" choruses the choir sang with much spirit and fire. The orchestra was exceedingly good, and, save upon one or two important occasions, was sufficiently subordinated to the needs of the singers. In other words, Birmingham has again rejoiced in a beautiful interpretation of a work which is now well past the jubilee of its production.

One of the features of the Festival has been the great prominence given to the later works of Sir Edward Elgar. On the evening of the first day "The Apostles" — conducted by himself — was given, with Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. John Coates, Mr. William Higley, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, and Mr. Charles Clark in the solo parts. It is now useless to attempt to decry or to damn with faint praise this score, which is certain to rank with the finest work England has produced since the time of Purcell. That it is full of novel musical feeling is nothing whatever against it, any more than novelty of feeling was against the later works of Wagner. On the whole, the performance was very fine. Perhaps the best rendering of any of the pages of the work was to be found in the section entitled "The Dawn." Here the chorus was very strong indeed, and the band played wonderfully. The soloists, too, sang with extraordinary spirit and intelligence, Mr. Higley particularly distinguishing himself in the part of St. Peter. Miss Muriel Foster, as Mary Magdalene, sang with much beauty and dignity. Again, Mr. Charles Clark's Judas was not a little remarkable; Mr. Ffrangcon Davies's Jesus was in every way artistic and sincere, while Miss Agnes Nicholls, in the parts of the Blessed Virgin and the Angel, sang very beautifully.

The event of the week has been the first production of the same great composer's continuation of "The Apostles," entitled "The Kingdom." The present writer is of opinion that in the long run "The Kingdom" will be found to be even a nobler expression of Elgar's art and greatness than is "The Apostles." "The Apostles," of course, must necessarily be in some sort a tremendous Prelude to the series of works in connection with the foundation and continuance of Christianity which, as it is said, Elgar purposes to outline in music. In fact, he reaches deeper depths in "The Kingdom"; it is impossible to deal in detail with every phase of the work within a short space, but one is first of all moved by the orchestration, which is absolutely and perfectly individual to Elgar. It is as though a master had created a new style, even as Wagner created a new style. In "The Kingdom" we have the despair, followed by the exaltation, of the Twelve Apostles preparing to begin the mission entrusted to them. It is sufficient to say that the development from one emotion to the other is carried out, not only with perfect skill, but with extraordinary beauty of expression. Only one number need be noted in particular, and that is the conclusion, in which the Lord's Prayer is sung by the Apostles, a setting which shows Elgar in one of his highest, his most elevated moods.

A strange contrast to "The Kingdom" was to be found in the evening concert of the same day, in the production of Mr. Josef Holbrooke's setting of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Bells." Mr. Holbrooke is possibly the cleverest young musician of quite the youngest generation of present musicians in England. His originality is extraordinary, and oddly enough, he has not the slightest sympathy in his expression with the highly religious spirit of Elgar's music. In a word, it is frankly pagan. It riots in curious harmonies; it is full of fancy; it is constructed on a very large scale, but it is the expression of the spirit of the

world in its joy, in its tragedy, and in its thought. It will be observed that Mr. Holbrooke has chosen a subject which belongs essentially to the outside world, a subject which in most countries is connected with the various incidents which are primary to existence: happiness, marriage, fire, terror, and, in a certain sense, despair. With all these subjects Mr. Holbrooke has identified himself, and has produced a work of almost uncanny interest. So interesting is it that one scarcely has time to question as to whether it is always beautiful when one is listening to it. It is only afterwards that one perceives that some of it is deliberately ugly. The ugliness, of course, does not lie in the lack of art, but in the complete grip of the subject with which the poem deals.

Mr. Granville Bantock's new work may be considered next week. Meanwhile, a composition by Mr. Percy Pitt, called a "Sinfonietta," was given for the first time at the Festival, but did not prove to be very interesting.

COMMON CHORD.



A PRIMA-DONNA WHO HAS STARTED A LAUNDRY: MISS SUSAN STRONG.

Miss Susan Strong, the well-known American singer, who has lived in England for some twelve years, has decided to combine the fulfilment of concert engagements with the running of a laundry. This she has started on the top floor of a house in Baker Street. She herself looks after the bills and the books, while her maid acts as supervisor of the workers at the wash-tub and the ironers.

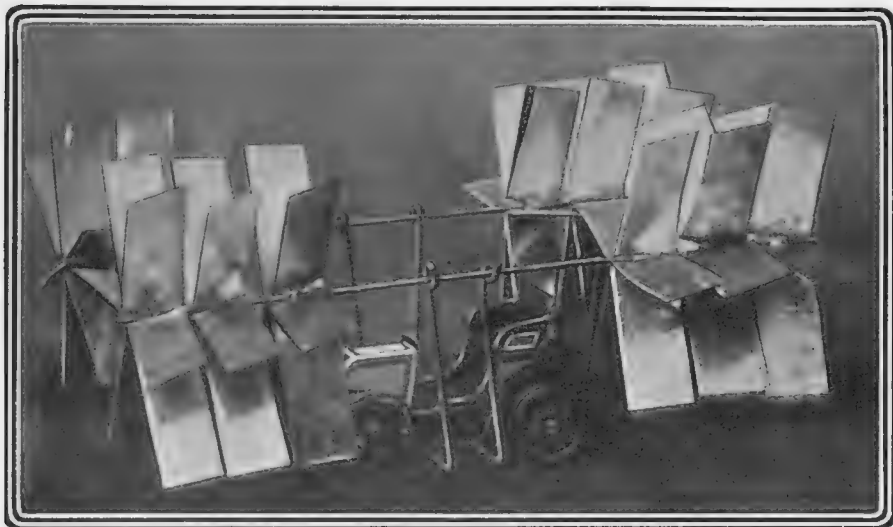
After the Drawing by John S. Sargent, R.A.





BEESTON-HUMBER'S BIG PETROL SURPLUS IN THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE—MANY FEATHERS IN THE DUNLOP TYRE COMPANY'S CAP—THE MICHELIN TYRE-PRESSURE TESTER—THE THREATENED TAXATION—INCREASE OF SPEED-LIMIT—AIR-COOLED ENGINES IN THE STATES: ARE THEY COMING?

MEN still talk of the Tourist Trophy Race, and one item that provokes considerable remark is the fact that the Beeston-Humber car, driven by that old hand, Pullinger, who is responsible for its design and manufacture, ran the four circuits with a lower petrol-consumption than any other vehicle competing.



A POSSIBLE SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BALLOON: A WINGED MOTOR-CAR.

The car is the invention of Herr Heinz. The wings are set in motion by an electric motor, and the quicker their movement the higher they carry the car.

Speaking from memory, I think the quantity of petrol still remaining in Mr. Pullinger's tank when the seals were broken and the contents measured by the officials was no less than 161 oz., just 1 oz. over a gallon, counting 20 oz. to the pint. Roughly speaking, that suggests that the Beeston-Humber car could have travelled just clear of the Bungalow on her fifth round before the official allowance of petrol was consumed. It also meant that Mr. Pullinger might have driven her considerably faster in the race, and yet have got through. He was carburising better than he knew. Messrs. Humber and Co. are to be congratulated upon being the only firm to get their team through.

The results of the race must also be particularly grateful to the Dunlop Tyre Company, who were not only responsible for the tiring of the winning car, the 20-horse power Rolls-Royce, so splendidly handled and driven by the Hon. C. S. Rolls, but saw their tyres successful also on the wheels of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh cars to finish—a really splendid record, upon which Mr. Baseley particularly, and the Dunlop Company generally, are sincerely to be congratulated.

In referring to the proper inflation of tyres last week I mentioned the Michelin Tyre Tester as a neat little instrument which no car-owner should lack. Since then one of these special pressure-gauges has come into my possession, and I find it much handier and easier of attachment to the valve than any other instrument of the kind. To use the tester it is only necessary to unscrew the valve-hood and cap as though about to inflate, then screw the connection of the tester body on to the valve, and press a headed plunger at the bottom of the apparatus, when the needle on the dial will at once be seen to register the pressure of air per square inch which obtains within the inner tube.

A further announcement was made last week with regard to the much-discussed £1 per horse-power taxation. Whatever truth there may have been in the statement originally made, we are now told that while fees, or a tax at so much per horse-power, will be legalised by the new Bill, the wind is to be tempered and the amount per horse-power reduced. The outcry provoked by the original announcement, and the urgent representations made as to the dire effect so crushing

an impost would assuredly have upon the industry, have presumably given our law-givers pause. I cannot conceive that so enlightened and far-seeing a man as John Burns would be induced to back a measure which would at once reduce the employment of high-skilled labour throughout England. The working-men of this country never sent John Burns to Parliament to run through the House a measure which would deprive thousands of their fellows of remunerative employment, at the bidding of a prejudiced squirearchy and bourgeoisie.

It is also suggested that the recommendations of the Royal Commission with regard to the speed-limit are to be disregarded, inasmuch as a speed-limit is still to obtain, but twenty miles per hour is to become twenty-five. This is better, certainly, than the retention of the present maximum, for it is no great hardship to be kept down to the proposed speed on anything like frequented roads. But on really open, desolate stretches the example of our neighbours the French should be followed, and the infraction of the law in this regard overlooked unless the public are endangered.

America, that is to say, the United States, has long lagged behind both this country and France in the matter of automobile engineering; but I shall never be surprised to find that the work which is being done there just now in strenuous endeavours to perfect the air-cooling of high-powered engines for automobile propulsion will cause the attention of our automobile engineers to be keenly directed across the Atlantic. Otherwise it is not reasonable to suppose that an engineering house like the Franklin Motor Company would sink large sums of money in the production of a series of high-powered air-cooled motors. Presuming that our American cousins can show us how to perfect this system of engine-cooling, which gave excellent results in the past in connection with De Dion engines of low power, it will form yet another great advance in the path of simplification. The dead weight of our motors would at once be considerably reduced, while the pump and the delicate, costly cellular radiator would at once disappear. News of long, continuous runs with cars driven by air-cooled motors of 20 to 30-horse power comes occasionally



A MOTOR-RACE IN MOTORLESS MOTOR-CARS: THE GORDON BENNETT RACE IN MINIATURE.

A number of youngsters recently held a miniature Gordon Bennett race on the Baraque Road, near Clermont-Ferrand. Their cars, which were made by themselves, were motorless, and ran down the incline by their weight only. Many of the models were most ingeniously constructed in imitation of the regular racing car.

across the Atlantic, but something more definite than manufacturers' Press notices are required in this matter. The November exhibition may show us something interesting in this connection.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CESAREWITCH—DOUBLE VICTORIES—TOUTS—TOO MANY ONE-DAY MEETINGS.

It is understood that Major Edwards is confident of winning the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire for Mr. Buchanan with Noctuiiform, but the horse ran so badly at Windsor that I cannot fancy his chance for the long race. It must, however, not be overlooked that Black Sand, who won for Mr. Buchanan, had run badly in France previously, and it may be that Noctuiiform was not quite wound up at Windsor. It is, however, just thirty years since the double event was first captured by the one horse. In 1876 Rosebery brought off the double for Mr. James Smith, who at that time owned the *Sportsman* newspaper, and afterwards sold the paper and started the Bon Marché at Brixton. Mr. Smith is supposed to have netted at least £40,000 over the double event. In 1885 Plaisanterie captured the double event, and it was owing to the dual victory of the French mare that Mr. Edward Weatherby resigned his position as handicapper to the Jockey Club. Perhaps the most popular double victory for the public was that gained by Mr. J. R. Keene's Foxhall in 1881. The horse was trained by William Day at Wood-gates, and it was not generally known that previous to Cesarewitch day Foxhall had been badly beaten in a trial by Don Fularo. However, the latter fell lame after the trial, and the stable had to fall back on Foxhall. It should be added that Rosebery was a four-year-old, while the other two were three-year-olds. Foxhall carried 9 st. in the Cambridgeshire and Plaisanterie 8.12. My selection for this week's race will be found elsewhere.

It is about time that some of the managers of the sporting papers pulled up the horse-watchers a bit. I never remember, in an experience ranging over thirty years, to have read so many unfounded rumours as have been printed during the present season. It is a common thing to be told day after day for a week that a horse is lame, when, after all, there has been nothing the matter with the animal. Several times of late horses have been reported as having been dispatched to certain meetings, hundreds of miles away when they have been in their stables all the time. It was the late Fred Swindell who suggested to a friend that the best way to hoodwink the public was to tell the truth in some matters that are, to say the least of them, highly important. Again, the ante-post betting returns are not calculated to give one any great confidence in the market. Over and over again quotations have been printed about certain horses that have been scratched a few hours later, while

in the case of those candidates who, on paper, have a genuine chance the prices close up all at once in a remarkable manner. I think it is a great pity that the Continental agents are allowed to do their hedging in the London clubs, and sooner or later this will lead to serious trouble. Bookmakers as a body, and I say so with the greatest respect, are terrible cowards. On the other hand, they are brave to a point when trying to lay against dead 'uns. What with the compilers of information (?) and the compilers of betting, racegoers find themselves between the devil and the deep sea.

It is too bad on the part of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to allow as many one-day meetings as they do in the autumn of each year. The powers that be take little interest, evidently, in the poor bookies and backers, who have to vacillate between North and South practically day by day. It is almost impossible to make a one-day meeting pay, except in the case of Alexandra Park, when the half-holiday folk turn out in their thousands simply because the time and distance fit in with their working arrangements. In making out the fixture-list, the Turf Senators ought, as a matter of course, to arrange that a flat-race meeting is held in the London district on each Friday and Saturday throughout the season, with an occasional Monday, including all the Bank Holidays. We are told to follow the money at racing, and surely big gates are a safe find in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. Further, it would help to keep down the expenses of the bookmakers and the backers, who have, under the existing circumstances, to spend large sums in railway tickets and hotel charges. By a little administrative ability, the circuit might be covered at a minimum of expense with a maximum of sport. If the Midlanders continue to crave for Monday meetings, let them have them by all means, with the Tuesdays to follow. But I do not see why the North-Country and Midland fixtures should be bolstered up at week-ends at the expense of the South-Country fixtures, and the game will not properly admit of a division of the forces just now. It is not so much the betting, but the "kitty" that does harm to the sport of kings; and the whole pastime should be run on purely business lines. Fancy any gentleman arranging a day's shooting at Manchester, followed by a day at Gatwick, and then putting in a day at Liverpool!

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page



BOWLS AS A GAME FOR WOMEN: AT A LADIES' BOWLING CLUB IN GERMANY. German ladies are almost as fond of bowls as are their husbands and their brothers; and they now boast nearly as many clubs.—[Photograph by the Berliner Illustrations-Gesellschaft.]



PLAYING 'AMERICA'S NATIONAL GAME' ON BOARD SHIP: PRACTISING BASEBALL ON THE U.S.A. SCHOOL-SHIP "SARATOGA."

Photograph by Pierce and Jones.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE distinctive features of one's friends when meeting and greeting after the holidays are that they are all sunburnt and all wearing new hats. The first thing a woman does on returning to town is to make a rush to her milliner's—the dressmaker's follows as a matter of course, but a new hat is a vital and immediate necessity. One thankfully notices that in this multiplicity of modish millinery a greater sense of fitness prevails in the matters of "age and weight," and that extremely robust ladies of obvious maturity no longer venture forth in chapeaux the size of periwinkles perched unwarily on purchased curls at an acute angle of forty-five degrees. There are women and women. There are also hats and hats. Some of the former can wear any of the latter; others, alack! needing the right sense of "eternal fitness," are apt to venture forth in headgear that, taken in juxtaposition with their identities, would make a melancholic maniac shake with laughter.

Amongst the very representative gathering of smart people and smart clothes on view at a particularly delightful autumn meeting at Kempton Park on Friday gold galon, gold braid, velvet ribbons, and a profusion of feathers were prominent features. Dozens of people motored over from various points of the compass, and one of the most successful appearances was made in a soft biscuit-coloured corduroy velvet walking-dress, admirably turned out, with touches of skilful mauve on the bodice; the hat a delicious sable toque with tails and paws hanging over the hair, and a crown of bizarre Russian embroidery in which violets, reds, and blues struggled for victory. A mink-lined motor-coat of the same corduroy completed an admirable "get up."

A semi-invalid friend of mine with a mania for reading and a clever French maid has solved the difficulty of reading in bed without

both, to receive her friends in dainty lace caps to match the aforementioned garment. Long lapels and rosettes of bébé ribbon give the prettiest effect to these glorified "nightcaps," and looking at her one can readily realise the fascinations our grandmothers may have



A SEALSKIN AND CHINCHILLA COAT.

catching cold, by appearing in amazingly pretty *liseuses*—intricate and fascinating mixtures of ribbons, lace, and Pyrenean silk and wool. She further has the amazing audacity or originality, or



A HANDSOME COAT.

exercised in their cobwebby caps and frills and furbelows of lace and delicate stitchery.

Though white is always an expensive "colour" to display in smutty London, its smartness is so undeniable that one is tempted to send economy to the rightabout, and give rein to one's fancy in the matter of white hats, white furs, white coats, white gloves, and white frocks wherever possible. White zibeline coats collared with ermine of a brown fur of the sable family are now being shown by Peter Robinson amongst the seasonable novelties, and very smart they look, while real Irish frieze, now found to be the ideal stuff as a resister of cold during motoring, is made up into very attractive coats, which, when lined with opossum or squirrel, are practically east-wind-proof, even at fifty kilometres an hour.

Tartan frocks are inexpressibly useful for motoring and travelling and all autumnal wear. They are warm, light, do not crease with much sitting, and show off a good figure to perfection. A friend has brought one from Paris in McGregor tartan, with a little basqued coat-bodice having a folded waist-band of black satin and embroidered white satin vest, in which the colours of the plaid are repeated. To go with it she has bought herself a velvet toque at Scott's, who are, by the way, holding a wonderful sale of new models, both at 1, Old Bond Street and at Piccadilly. The toque in question is three-cornered, with brim of rucked velvet and embroidery. A clump of short feathers, supported by velvet ribbon bows, adorns the side. This model carried out in any colour would look well. A very pretty and uncommon felt hat is represented in Scott's new catalogue over the number 10 L. A circular band of pheasant and other feathers trims the crown above an arrangement of ribbon, which finishes in a pretty chou at one side, intermixed with soft curved quills. A more useful





WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE ODOL COMPETITION:  
MISS GLADYS BLYTHE.

The entries for the competition were very numerous. Three-quarters of the competitors were ladies. There were thirty-one correct solutions, and nearly five hundred of the competitors guessed over twenty correctly, and so secured consolation prizes. The winners of the chief prizes were: Miss Gladys Blythe, first prize, £20; Miss Ethel Hallé, second prize, £10; and Miss Mabel James, third prize, £5, to whom cheques were promptly sent, as well as to the winners of the fifteen guinea prizes.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

and becoming hat for morning or country wear one could not choose. Besides these and more ornate styles, Scott's have unique departures in millinery for golf, motoring, and sporting occasions of all sorts. Their felt riding-hats are perfection in shape and quality, and some plain soft felts of the wideawake family are picturesque and practical in the first degree. As all will realise by sending for Scott's new catalogue, their styles for all tailor-made costumes are particularly and peculiarly suitable and smart.

Bridge afternoons are already beginning to enliven the dull horizon of London days, and old-fashioned tapestry brocades are being worked up into fascinating coats, with long basques, satin waistcoats, and fussy cravats of Irish lace to complete the tale. Flowered broché silks also look delightful by lamplight, with cloudy effects in lace, and one enterprising lady dressmaker is now devoting an entire salon to varieties of bridge coats and blouses with the utmost success. Another room is given over to "Petticoats from Paris"; and what *jupons* they are, too, suspended in dozens from every corner of the room—all foam and froth and frillings of ribbon, lace, and silk! Englishwomen are, in fact, only waking up to the cult of the petticoat. Frenchwomen have cultivated it assiduously ever since anyone can remember, and derive half their fascination from the neat and dainty *dessous* always indicated by the underskirts and neatly shod foot equally of *venduse* or *Vicomtesse*.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LITTLEHALES.—The dress you suggest would be an expensive affair, and, if money is a consideration, I should be inclined to advise a less ambitious character. A flower-girl, for instance, could be done prettily but cheaply, whereas a Dresden shepherdess means "silk attire," besides wig, millinery, pearls, and what not.



A MODEL MANUFACTORY: THE FRONT OF MESSRS. CADBURY BROS' WORKS  
AT BOURNVILLE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

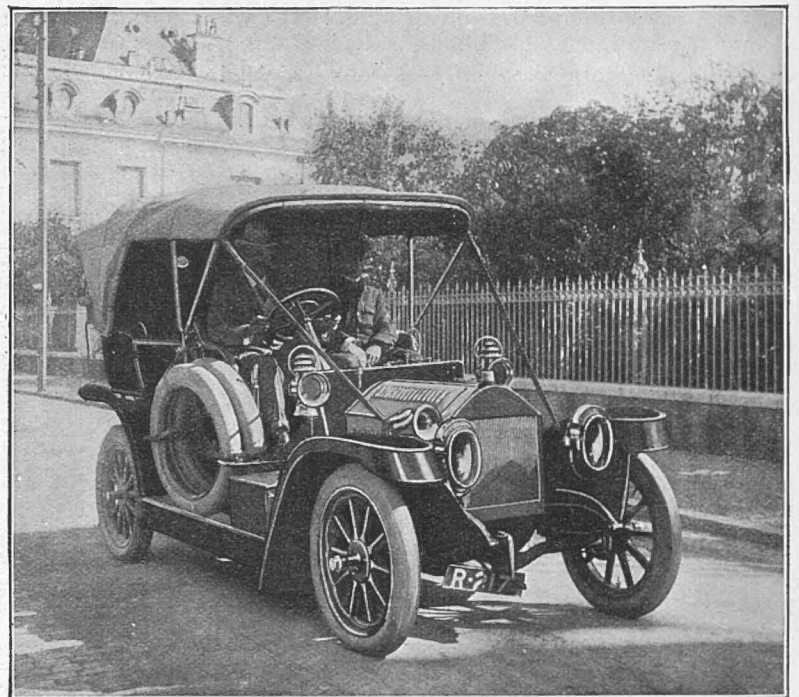
Messrs. Cadbury are firm believers in the policy of engaging healthy workpeople and then keeping them in health. To this end they run their factory at Bournville under model conditions, giving their employes recreation-grounds, gymnasia, swimming-baths, &c.

JERSEY.—If your hair is tumbling out so fast it may be a matter for a specialist or a masseuse.

L. F.—The vestments sold are usually well worn out and only suitable for ornament, not for use as piano-covers. You will probably be able to pick some up in Italy. San Giorgi, of Rome, has a fine collection, and I saw a few at Waring's the other day.

CELIA (Devonport).—Sables are never likely to be cheaper. The demand increases every year. SYBIL.

Mlle. Anna Dancrey has returned to the Alhambra, where her voice and method have found very many admirers. Perhaps there is more to be said for the one than for the other; there is more volume than quality about the voice, but her method, her expression, her vivacity, are very engaging, and account in part for the homage which she receives from Paris, London, and other European capitals. At the present time a company of singers and dancers, called the Aquamarinoff Company, are giving a performance that is well worth a journey to see. They are obviously genuine Russian dancers, and they are able to compel the high spirits and enthusiasm that are associated with the village festivals of their native land, which find a counterpart, curiously enough, in the work of those Arab dancers from the Sus who pay visits to London from time to time under the direction of Hadj Mohammed or Hadj Abdullah. Of the Russian company, a man and a boy give a most extraordinary exhibition, the capacity of the man to turn like a top and yet to keep in perfect time with the music being something to wonder at.



MR. H. H. RAPHAEL, M.P., ON HIS 28-H.P. BENZ MOTOR-CAR.

Mr. Raphael, who is a keen motorist, bought his 28-h.p. Benz from the Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association, 11A, Regent Street.

Strong men and gymnasts are always seen at their best at the Alhambra, and the Pandurs give an altogether remarkable exhibition. "L'Amour" still takes pride of place, and "Urbanora" still sets the world before the patrons of the Alhambra, who seem to respond in considerable crowds to the attractions that the management provide.

At the Empire Theatre a little sketch entitled "Burning to Sing," was produced the other day with a good measure of success. It is a burlesque of the methods of grand opera, and is set to clever and appropriate music by Mr. Gustave Kerker, the composer of the popular "Belle of New York." The author, Mr. Burnside, has dealt with the most obvious exaggerations of opera, and has contrived to get a very fair measure of fun out of them. Under stress of all discouraging circumstances, and in the face of all crises the characters sing in the grand opera manner. Limits of space forbid a detailed description of the story; suffice it to say that the whole production is a rollicking piece of fun, worked up by men who understand their business thoroughly. Taken with the "Watteaud" Divertissement at the beginning of the evening, and the delightful "Coppelia" ballet at the end, "Burning to Sing" helps to make up a very strong programme. Miss Anna Hickisch and Mr. Otley Cranston take the chief parts in "Burning to Sing," and do not hesitate to sacrifice their voices in the good cause. The directors of the Empire have re-engaged Madame Katti Lanner, who will arrange the next ballet. This is glad tidings, for it has been impossible to find anybody to fill her place. "Coppelia" is an old ballet, and has its traditional dances and movements, but in a new production Madame Lanner's guiding hand will be invaluable.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 24.*

THE Bank return, although not accompanied by a rise in the official rate, certainly affords both speculators and investors serious ground for hesitation. The fact that the directors saw their way to leave the minimum at 4 per cent. encourages hope that there are brighter prospects, known to those behind the scenes, than are apparent on the surface, for if there had been any immediate signs of further heavy American demands, it is certain that the dreaded 5 per cent. rate must have been reached.

The Nitrate Securities Trust, which was, as far as we know, first brought to the attention of the public by a communication from our correspondent "Q" last week, has been registered, and is to make its bow to the investor in a day or so. The capital will be £200,000, and the names of those associated with the concern are so well known in Nitrate circles that it is certain the Trust will command all possible information as to the industry, the merits of the various shares, and such like matters. We welcome the new Company as a steadying factor in the Nitrate Share Market, and one calculated to benefit our many readers who are shareholders in one or other of the Companies.

## BRUNNER, MOND, AND CO.

From information which has reached me, I think that any of your readers who are on the look-out for a sound Home Industrial might do much worse than invest in *Brunner, Mond, and Co.'s* Ordinary shares. The Company, I hear, is making very large profits, and notwithstanding the considerable increase in the Ordinary capital, which dates from Jan. 1 of this year, it seems fairly certain that the rate of distribution will be at least maintained at 35 per cent. At this rate the return on the Ordinary shares at their present price is about £6 5s. per cent., which must be regarded as a very fine return on a first-class Home Industrial. The Company's profits have for years past shown a continuous increase, the figures for the last five years having been—

Year ending March 31, 1902 .. ..	£543,000
" " " " 1903 .. ..	591,000
" " " " 1904 .. ..	613,000
" " " " 1905 .. ..	684,000
" " " " 1906 .. ..	780,000

The 35 per cent. dividend absorbed £480,861, and the undivided surplus amounted to £168,628. For the current year a distribution of 35 per cent. on the Ordinary shares will require £687,000, and as the Preference interest requires £55,000, and Directors' Fees and Miscellaneous Charges absorb about £75,000, the total profits will have to show an increase of about £50,000 in order that the dividend of 35 per cent. may be maintained; but, as I have said above, the chemical industry is so prosperous that there is not likely to be any difficulty in maintaining the dividend at this very satisfactory figure, and the shares are likely to go a good deal beyond their present price.

P.S.—*Lancefield* Gold Mining Company's shares have advanced from 13s. 6d., at which I first drew your readers' attention to them, to 7, and should be held for a much higher price. There have been the usual delays in starting the new mill, but as soon as it gets to work, very good profits should be earned.

Oct. 6, 1906.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Do you think——" began The Engineer.

"Every now and then," replied The Jobber.

"I was speaking to our friend over here," and The Engineer indicated The Broker.

"Sorry," said The Jobber. "My answer's in the negative in those circs." He pronounced the last as one syllable.

"Do you think Russians will go much lower?"

The Broker shook his head rather dubiously. "Blessed if I know," he admitted.

"Russia's in a bad way," declared The City Editor solemnly.

"Heard what happened to Queen Anne?" asked The Jobber in an off-hand way.

"The only chance of making money out of Russians is by profit-snatching on Paris support."

"You mean the only chance as a bull. What about the other way?"

"You want to be a Russian bear——"

"Appropriate, any way," The Jobber murmured.

"It's rather a risky job, in my opinion," said The Broker. "'Pon my word, I don't know how to advise you."

"I'll wait until the scrip's at 20 discount and then buy some," was The Engineer's decision.

"Did you want a spec. or an investment?" asked The City Editor.

"Oh, a sort of speculative investment."

"Buy those new Brazil Lloyd's Bonds at 96," suggested The Broker. "They are 5 per centers, and quite respectably secured."

"How about the coffee corner?" The Banker observed.

"It will all end in smoke, after the Brazilian Government have burnt their fingers a bit," The Broker answered, regardless of his metaphors. "I think they are a very fair investment, those Lloyd's Bonds."

The Jobber said he couldn't imagine why Denver Prefs. didn't go

better than 89. "A 5 per cent. share in a Company doing as well as the Denver ought to improve," he considered.

"Perhaps the price keeps low because *The Sketch* puffs them sometimes," The Merchant observed.

There was a noticeable dead silence for a good two minutes. Every man was pretending to read his paper and his neighbour's faces at the same time. A tunnel intervened, and the light went out.

The Banker said, "Thanks," as both windows were slammed down when the train ran into the open air. "It's extremely stuffy in there this morning," he coughed.

"That was *The Sketch*," explained The Jobber airily. "By Jove! though, haven't they come home on Mexican Nationals? I'm glad I cottoned on to that little tip!"

"Sheer fluke," said The City Editor.

"How do you know?" demanded The Jobber hotly.

There was another rather noticeable pause.

"Shouldn't sell them yet, either," continued the last speaker, after a bit.

"No man ever went bankrupt through taking a good profit," laid down The Banker.

"Most excellent maxim, sir," and The Jobber withdrew his advice not to sell Mexican Nationals. "Not but what they will go better," he added.

"Why don't Argentine things buck up?" complained The City Editor. "Look how dull B. A. G. S. are, and Rosies, and Westerns. What's the matter with the market?"

"Omniscience got floored at all? I congratulate you upon this sign of grace," and The Jobber bowed politely to his friend.

"Awkward time of year in the Argentine," The Engineer told them. "The young crops are just beginning to appear, and all the enemies that do so easily beset them are on the look-out for opportunities."

"When once they get past October and November in safety, the crops are comparatively safe," The Broker supplemented. "I think that——"

"Oh, yes, we know all about it. You think they are good speculative investments. Same old tale!" and the Jobber flung a match out of the window with an air of impatience.

"Well, and why not?" asked the astonished Broker.

"Hasn't the Argentine enjoyed good crops for several years? Isn't it time they had a bad harvest, locusts, rebellions—any of the little incidents that will cut down prices?"

"I don't see——"

"I never accused you of seeing. Brokers don't see. They peer."

"Look here, young gentleman——"

"How about Nitrates?" asked The Engineer swiftly and tactfully. "Are they worth selling yet?"

The Jobber laughed.

"When a client wants to know whether he shall buy certain shares and asks his broker——"

"No personalities, please."

"The broker in nine cases out of ten has to go and ask a jobber what he shall say. And because he flatters himself upon being astute, he never says, 'Ought my man to buy this?' but, 'D' you think, old fellow, that these shares should be sold, what?'"

Everyone laughed.

"True bill," replied The Broker. "Not worth contradicting, anyway."

"Touching Nitrates?"

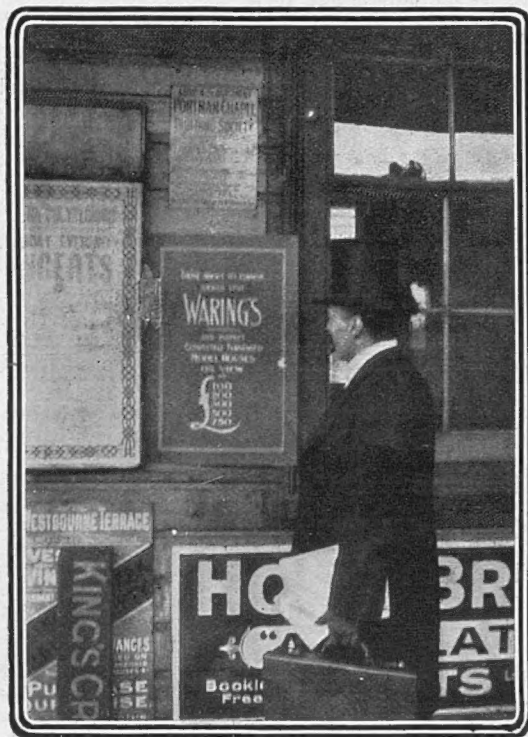
"Shouldn't like to be," said The Jobber. "The Nitrate Companies are doing splendidly, but there's been such a rise in prices that——"

"What does 'Q' say? He's always digging up new facts about Nitrate Companies."

"One might almost say 'Q' Gardens, eh?" and The Jobber leapt out on the platform. "Got a *Sketch* left, boy?"

## AMERICANS WEEK BY WEEK.

So many causes have lately militated against the strength of the American Market that the continued firmness of prices—a few dollars occasional decline is nothing, compared with the sustained rise—confirms the impression that Wall Street magnates have not yet finished with the bull campaign. The market is running less breathlessly now; it seems to have got on to a more even keel, and this in spite of the hanky-panky methods so obviously still existent on the part of the wirepullers. Private cables and private letters continue to tell of the phenomenal prosperity of the country. Mr. Roosevelt may hammer away at his demand for more stringent Government supervision of the railroads—the "common carriers," as he picturesquely calls them—but Wall Street has lost its terror of the President, and pursues its way untroubled by his threats contained in speeches and addresses. Yet, as we said last week, the financial counsellors in New York's press are



SNAPPED IN THE ACT?

The City Editor of the *Daily Mail* reading a Waring's advertisement.



urging the necessity of caution upon the bulls, and it is impossible to say how soon money may not become a menace once more. For the time being, call rates are low enough to help the market, a very different state of affairs from that prevailing a month ago, and the chances point to a continuance of strength. It is difficult to indicate a definite course of action in a weekly paper, because conditions change so radically almost from day to day, but for the moment there is little wrong with the market, and prospects appear to favour the risks incurred by the bull party.

#### MOTOR-OMNIBUS PROSPECTS.

Once the practical fact becomes recognised that early hopes concerning the motor-omnibus business must be modified in a drastic manner, there is some chance for the industry. As usual, the thing was overdone, and a promising industry has been made as distasteful to the eyes of the investor as the odour from most of the 'buses is to his nostrils. We have urged time and again that the only salvation from the unhappy mess into which several of the concerns have fallen is some scheme of amalgamation, or working agreement, for the prevention of overlapping, of competition, of needless expenditure, and at last steps are being taken with a view to consolidation of several interests. It is becoming recognised—and the investor who holds motor-omnibus shares will rejoice at official cognisance of what has long been patent to himself—that the industry is not an El Dorado, but one which will require all the skill which can be commanded to make it pay a reasonable return upon the money sunk. In the course of the next week or two some comprehensive scheme will, we hear, be made public whereby to prevent many of the ills incurred under the present individual system, and the hope may be permitted that no false optimism or promoter's greed will stand in the way of such modest capitalisation as only can secure fair prospects of success in the future.

Saturday, Oct 6, 1906.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. F.—The Nitrate Company appears to be a good one; its capital is only £80,000, and the shares are about 30s. ex. 1s. dividend.

J. S.—We confirm our answer as to the Motor 'Bus Company. No dividend has yet been paid.

BARTON.—The Esperanza shares should be all right as you bought cheaply. There have been one or two fairly large lots offering and not many buyers; hence these tears. Yes, hold Camp Birds.

J. L.—There are Nitrate Companies we like better than the one you name, but if the lot you hold were our own we should not sell just now. They are pretty sure to go better.

MEXICO.—We will write a note next week as to the Mexican Central securities. Thanks for the interesting information as to Namaqua Copper.

A. B. C. B.—We would rather buy Nitrates than any of your Mines. The best Companies have been mentioned in our Notes over and over again during the last two or three months. Leave the Kaffirs alone.

LANGUEDOC.—The capital of the Company is £630,000, in 600,000 Preference shares of 1s. each, and a like number of Ordinary shares of 20s. each. The Preference shares take all profits till they have got 5s. per share, and then cease to exist. It is said that ore has been struck, but the Company has had such an unfortunate history that we have little faith in its future.

J. E. D.—We are making further inquiries as to the Power shares. We consider Barrechea Nitrate as among the best of the Companies. Of course, all Nitrate shares are somewhat speculative. See answer to "Barton."

C. B. R.—The mine is in respectable hands. Copper is at a splendid price, and presuming you understand that you are in a speculative venture, there is no reason to clear out.

J. W. B.—Your letter was answered on the 4th inst. Add Liverpool to the Nitrate Companies recommended.

F. A. G.—The "life" you mention is about right for the original ground held. We never stated thirty years. The Company has already purchased further ground, and is sure to acquire more in due course out of reserve.

RIFLEMAN.—The list is a very fair one for a private holder, but as a trustee you will probably be liable if you hold and the price depreciates. If some go up and some down, you might be made to pay on the ones that fall and not get any credit for the advance in value of others. Consult a solicitor as to your duty as trustee, and show him the instrument under which you act.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

For the Cesarewitch I shall now go solid for Mintagon, and I like Sandboy and Manaton for places. Some of these may run well at Newmarket: Autumn Handicap, Charis; Second October Nursery, Reckless; Heath Stakes Handicap, Barat; Ditch Mile Nursery, Quaver; Lowther Stakes, Beppo; Middle Park Plate, Slieve Gallion; Exning Handicap, Nero. At Pontefract I like St. Langton for the Leeds Handicap and Wise Love for the Grove Hall Handicap. There should be good sport at Lingfield on Saturday, when the following ought to run well: Pheasant Handicap, Orison; October Nursery, Deveron; Cage Nursery, Zana; and Rustic Welter, Bric-a-Brac II.

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#### TO TOURISTS AND OTHERS.

## THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

offers an exceptionally favourable opportunity of combining the advantages of inspecting exhibits of Art Industries and Products gathered from all parts of the world, and the health-giving pleasures of visiting the Scenic and Health Resorts of New Zealand.

The Exhibition is an assured success. The whole space available for exhibits has been taken up. The Art Gallery contains paintings, sculpture, and Black-and-White work by artists of the highest reputation. It opens on November 1st next and closes in April 1907—a period which includes the summer months.

For further particulars of the Exhibition and of the Scenic and Health Resorts, as well as information concerning the routes by which visitors can proceed to New Zealand, apply to the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 13, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

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